WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1907. NO. 12

CONTENTS.

THE ORACLE—Frontispiece

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson* 1117
As It Is, and As It May Be—The Fight in Mississippi.

BUBBLES ON THE STREAM - - - - 1126

THE NIGHT FREE SILVER WAS KILLED - 1128

HOMEWARD BOUND—A Poem - - - - *Edith Wyatt Moore* 1131

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - 1132

AS THE PASSING OF A SUMMER DAY - - *Edith Dargan Forrester* 1143

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME - - - *Sir Walter Scott* 1162

ANN BOYD—A Serial Story - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 1171

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON - *Thos. E. Watson* 1180

A SOUTHERN AUTHORESS HONORED - - 1187

THE PASSING OF MOURNING - - *Francis Hodgson Orme, M. D.* 1189

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT - - - 1193

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - - 1195

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS - - - - - 1198

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THOS. E. WATSON.

$1.50 Per Year. Temple Court Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy.

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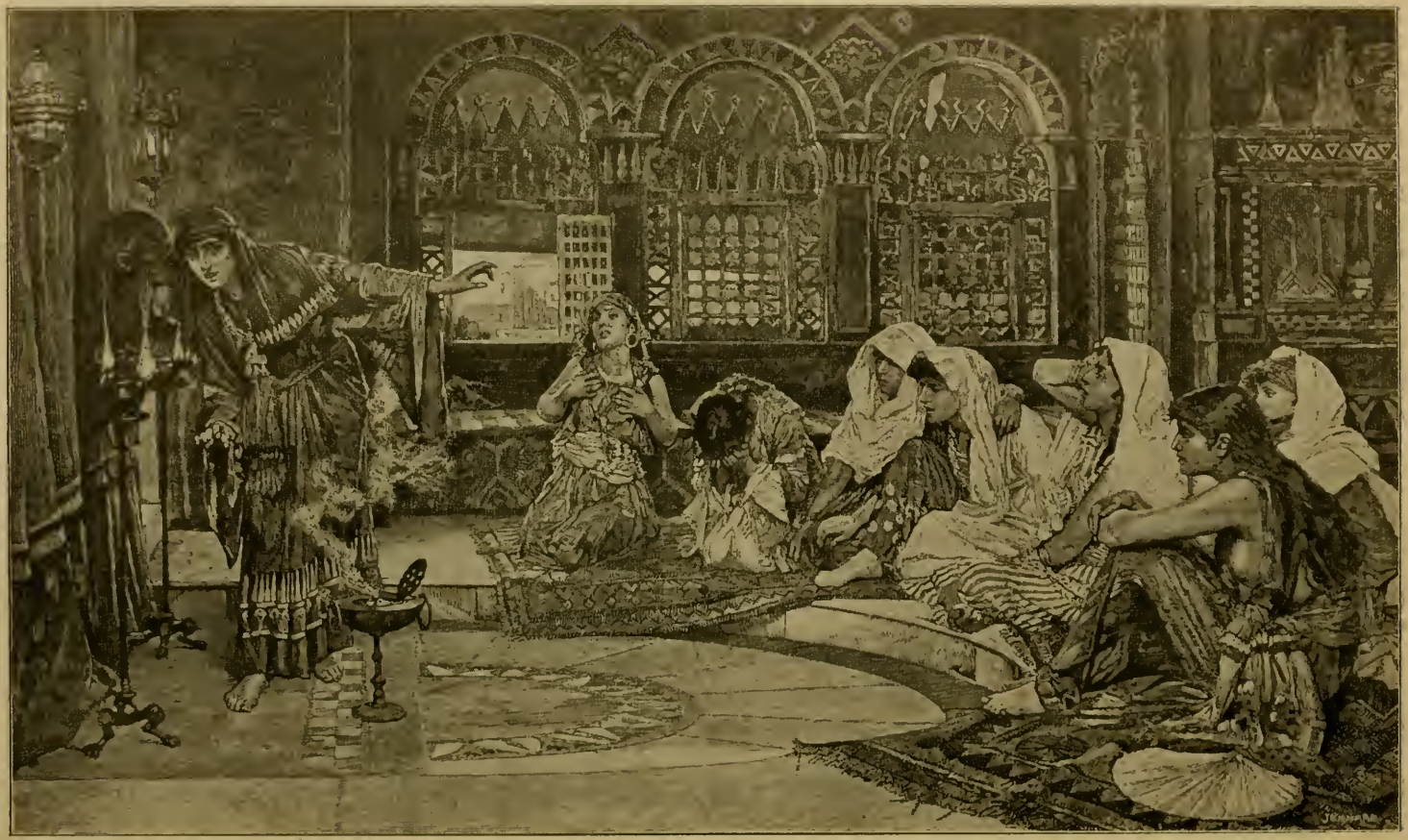


THE ORACLE.

(Painted by J. W. Waterhouse, A. R. A., Royal Arcanum, 1884.

AS IT IS, AND AS IT MAY BE.

I was very tired, for the work I had been doing was hard; and now that the room grew warm and the long task was finished, I fell asleep.

No one in the house had been awake but me, while I had for many hours gone over the dreary record of the poor, the patient poor, the suffering poor—God's unprovided poor. The hours had stolen by like slippered monks, and it was far into the night when the heaviness fell upon my eyes, and I was asleep.

Many a whirling fiction passed through my heated fancy before there was order in my Dream, but after awhile all was clear—cruelly, shockingly clear.

A world unfolded, spreading out, like a map. Every grade and class and condition of human life was before me at once—with no mist before my eyes and no distance to confuse the outline.

What I saw was this: A magnificent world of land and sea; of river and lake and forest and fertile field; mountains seamed with hidden wealth; valleys rich with grain.

To this world its Maker had given the name of *"A home for the human family."*

But the human family had grown very large. Its foot-prints were thick upon every stretch of solid ground, and its vessels moved upon all the waters of all the seas.

But the earth was no longer a family-home, and men were no longer brothers. With furious enmity, they hated each other. They worshipped God, but none of them regarded His law. They cried Peace, and loosed the war dogs. They rose from prayer, and went to rifle-practice.

Churches flourished—so did crime. Schools flourished—so did ignorance. Charities flourished—and paupers died in the streets. I wondered what it all meant.

There was land enough for all. They said that God had made it for all. But the few had taken possession of mighty estates, and many had no homes. There was food enough for all: but a few had seized it, and one-third of the people had not enough to eat.

I tried to discover how the human family kept itself alive. I found it was by *Work*.

There were many kinds of work. Some labored to produce food for the world. Some labored to produce clothing. Some labored to make houses, others to make deadly weapons. Some did no manual work at all, but were mental laborers, only. Some labored to teach the people the law of God; others to expound and enforce the laws which men had

made for themselves. Others still labored (or pretended to labor) to make just laws, by which God's will should be done in the affairs of men.

In my dream I saw clearly a most singular thing—those whose work was most important to the world were paid less for their labor than anybody else. Those who merely amused the world got higher wages than those who fed and clothed it. Those who played and danced got higher pay than the man who built the house they played and danced in. Those who labored to amuse the idle, drew enormous salaries and were the pets of the powerful; while those who kept the powerful clothed and fed, often lacked food and clothing for themselves.

In my dream the cause of this cruel state of things became clear. Those who had made the law had so cunningly made it that the strong man was master of the weak. The strong man became the ruler, and out of the weak man's own produce gave him whatsoever he chose. This made the strong man stronger, and the weak man weaker.

I thought I heard a great heartbreaking cry go up from those poor producers of wealth, but their Task Masters heard it not—so deaf are they who will not hear.

I thought that now and then these workers and producers grew furious against their oppressors and rose up in revolt. But they were put down again—some shot and some imprisoned.

I thought that now and then *Leaders* rose up among those suffering people and promised to go to the Great House of Council, *where the Laws were made,* and to change these bad laws into good ones. But, either such Leaders were too few, or the strong men would take those leaders aside into some safe and secret place and by unknown charms and persuasions entice those leaders into forgetfulness of the miseries of the People.

So passed the first part of my dream—the Dream of Today—*of the world as it is.*

Like a vanishing landscape, I saw the great Palaces of the Rich and the wretched huts of the poor; the fine raiment of the one and the rags of the other; the well-spread tables of the one and the cold hearth and empty dish of the other. The factories went whirling into space—but through the windows I could see the pale, thin features of the children who toiled there. The mine opened one brief moment, and I could see the pitiful serf of the Coal King. The garret sped by, and it made the tears come, to see the shivering needle-woman sewing there. The streets swam by, filled with their squalor, their hunger, their ceaseless vice and crime and suffering—and Christianity spoke in these streets through the mouth of the Policeman, and what she said to the ragged outcast was, "*Move on;*" what she said to the starving child was, "*Move on.*"

And it strangely got into my Dream, somehow, that the cause of all

the sorrow was that the Order of the world was *a mistake*—a dreadful misunderstanding. The *unnatural* had become the rule. A feverish *haste* had taken possession of mankind; and the race was madly run for things which men really did not need. One man *rushed* because another rushed, *cheated* because others cheated, *hoarded* because others hoarded,—*was cruel* because he thought the same measure would be meted out to *him,* were situations reversed.

* * * * * * * *

But the troubled nightmare passed, and I fell into the Dream of Tomorrow—a gorgeous Dream, a Spirit-lifting Dream,—of the world as it may be. I seemed to look upon the same world, but it was bathed in light, and filled with harmony.

The great rush and worry had passed away. The fever and the pain were gone. The vast machinery of production moved like stars, *"never resting, but never hasting."* There was room for all, and food for all. The Earth was dedicated anew as a Home for God's Children—its product their food. Religion burst out from the cold churches, and abode in the lives of men—that high Religion which loves mercy, does good and seeks the Right.

Law was no longer frittered away among wrangling advocates and stupid Judges. She took her broad principles into the walks of life, and did *justice,* between man and man. Technicality no longer manacled Truth, and a Judgment was no longer the trophy of the trickiest, or strongest lawyer.

The Rulers of the People no longer scorned them, nor defrauded them with cunning laws and sharp practices. The People themselves now ruled, and the worker was no longer a dependent. *Special Privilege* had been slain and *Opportunity* was free for all.

There were no outcasts—for they all had homes. There were no beggars, for there was work and fair wages for all. None had much more than they needed; none had much less.

There was little crime, for its cause had been removed.

There was brotherhood among men, for the *motive* for rivalry and hatred had been taken away.

Wars had ceased. The killing of men had become horrible, whether singly or by thousands. A Murderer was detested, whether he slew with a knife or a sword, with a pistol or with a cannon.

The hum of Peaceful industry was in the air. The melody of innocent laughter was in the streets. The song of the contented Reaper was in the field. Music was supreme—it was the harmony of healthy, happy life.

* * * * * * * *

Why was *Tomorrow* so much brighter and better than *Today?* This question seemed to come to me in my dream.

And from somewhere, this reply seemed to be borne:

"Because the mistake of yesterday had been found and corrected. Because Injustice had been driven out of the Laws; because favoritism in legislation had ceased; because the producer of wealth had secured fair treatment; because the cunning laws of the Task Master were all dead; because there were a few brave men all over the world who had solemnly sworn, before God, that *the old false order of things should die.*"

* * * * * * * *

Out of the dim Past seemed to come voices:

One said: "*I gave my life to pleasure.* Wine was good and women were good and mirth was good. But youth passed—age came, and my heart was empty and sad."

Another voice said: "*I gave my life to war.* Cities I sacked, enemies I crushed; laurels have I won and worn. But the sword rusted in my hand. The spiders weave twist me and the sun. And in my ears as I grow old is the cry of the widow and the orphan."

And another voice said: "*I gave my life to my fellow man.* I pitied his misfortune. I championed his cause. I loved the friendless. I hated wrong and fought tyranny wherever I found it. The work has been hard. The way thorny. But now, as the evening comes, I fold my arms in contentment and fear not at all the approaching shades. The Master's touch is on my head, and I hear him say, '*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.*' "

Thus passed my dream. And I awoke heavy at heart, for I knew that *Today* was as I had dreampt, and that *Tomorrow* might never come; that the World as it is and the World as it may be are as far apart as the real from the ideal.

THE FIGHT IN MISSISSIPPI.

The great John Sharp Williams was given such a close shave in the Senatorial primary that he and his friends have not yet got over the scare.

The worst of it is, they know that *if the test of strength were to be made again,* Vardaman would beat Williams *by a larger majority than any 648 votes.*

They know that, at this very moment, *a majority of the white men of Mississippi are opposed to Williams.*

The fact that the whole country is inclined to laugh at Williams, and that only the corporation press jubilates over his pitiful little surplus of 648 votes, riles the Williams following to a point that makes them lose control of their good manners.

The fact that Mr. Watson and THE JEFFERSONIAN took a hand in this nationally-important contest, is considered by the Williams men as an intolerable aggravation.

Mr. Watson's offense would not have been so much of an unpardonable sin, had he not told the people of Mississippi a few things about the Congressional record of John Sharp Williams which other editors had not mentioned.

Because he did this, and because *the revelation hurt John Sharp,* the Williams men howl dismally.

The *Jackson Daily News* is a Williams organ. Alluding to the even-tempered article in which Mr. Watson showed up the record of Mr. Williams on the Rate bill, the *News* makes use of the following language, referring to the article aforesaid, and to Mr. Watson.

"Outrageous slander and infamous libel;" "a wilful, wanton and malicious lie;" "a plain, ordinary liar, lacking even the degree of intelligence necessary to tell a plausible falsehood;" "the Georgia demagogue;" "this blatherskite;" "this renegade, this political Pariah;" "Tom Watson of Georgia ostracised by the Democratic party of his own State, refused a place in its councils, and held in contempt by every true Democrat in America;" "scurrillous little magazine, bristling with falsehood and libel;" "this contemptible little scribbler;" "this verbose quid nunc;" "a dirty falsehood;" "*this nasty little hypocrite* WHO HAS BEEN KICKED AND CUFFED AROUND THE STREETS OF ATLANTA WITHOUT SHOWING THE MANHOOD TO RESENT IT, *until he has forfeited the respect of every decent citizen of his own State.*"

The Union Label appears conspicuously on the page where the above is printed, and no man who truly respects that badge can fail to wonder how such a paper ever got the right to use it.

How much the cause of John Sharp Williams may have been advanced by the editorial from which we have quoted, we have no means of knowing. How many people there are who believe that Mr. Watson "has lost the respect of every decent Democrat in America," and has been *"kicked and cuffed around the streets of Atlanta without having the manhood to resent it,"* we really could not guess. There is one thing, however, which we *will* undertake to suggest as a very safe proposition, and that is that *John Sharp Williams would not be willing to publicly endorse what the "News" has said, nor to make any experiments upon the supposition that Mr. Watson is the right man to "kick and cuff"* on the streets of Atlanta, or elsewhere.

Dismissing this absurd and amazing statement with the scorn it deserves, we will come at once to the matter which is important, to-wit—*the record of John Sharp Williams on the Rate bill.* Has Watson spoken falsely concerning the Congressional course of Mr. Williams on that bill?

If so, Mr. Williams is the man who should take Mr. Watson to task. Let Mr. Williams deny what Mr. Watson said—if it isn't true. As yet, Mr. Williams has not denied it, so far as we know.

And we venture this prediction: *Mr. Williams will not deny it.*

Why? BECAUSE HE CANNOT.

Did not Mr. Williams open his campaign with a statement to the effect that *he* was the public benefactor who made the R. F. D. law *mandatory?* Did he not tell the people of Mississippi that Mr. Watson's amendment to the P. O. Appropriation Act of 1893 left it *"optional"* with the P. O. Department to use the appropriation? He certainly did.

Did we not produce the original amendment of February 17, 1893, and show that the words "SHALL BE" were there, *just as they are in all the subsequent Acts?*

We certainly did.

Therefore the record itself proves that John Sharp Williams spoke falsely about the matter. He was willing to deny his fellow man just credit, and to take to himself what did not belong to him.

"Shall be expended" was the wording of Mr. Watson's amendment, which the House, after voting against it the first time, adopted when Mr. Watson persevered and *tried again.*

Mr. Cleveland and his New York P. M. G. Bissell, simply refused to obey a mandatory Act of Congress; and the file of the old *People's Party Paper* will show that Mr. Watson denounced President Cleveland *then,* for his refusal to obey the law.

John Sharp Williams was not even in Congress, at the time.

It was Postmaster General William L. Wilson who put the law into effect, and *Mr. Williams did not even have the grace to lay a flower of appreciation upon the grave of this great and pure man,* WHOSE SERVICE

TO HIS COUNTRY, IN DEMONSTRATING THE PRACTICAL SUCCESS OF THE *R. F. D.* SYSTEM, DESERVES A MONUMENT IN EVERY STATE OF THE UNION.

But what was it that Mr. Watson said about the record of Mr. Williams on the rate bill? Let us hunt for these "dirty lies;" for, while the caption of the editorial in the *News* is "WATSON'S DIRTY LIES," the editorial itself ceases to deal with one lie, but lassoes and corrals quite a herd.

What are they?

With a prudence which is noticeable if not admirable, the polished editor neglects to catalogue these dirty lies. Didn't want to soil his snowy hands, you see.

But let us have an inventory nevertheless; it is necessary for us to know just what these "dirty lies" are,—*for they worried Williams mightily.*

(1.) He was accused of voting with the Express Company people, to save those robbers from governmental regulation.

(2.) He was accused of voting with the Telegraph and Telephone people to save those extortioners from governmental control.

(3.) He was accused of voting with the Pullman Palace Car people to save those public plunderers from governmental supervision and regulation.

(4.) He was accused of "standing in" with the Republicans to take away from the Inter-State Commerce Commission the vast advantage given it by the old Reagan bill, viz., *the right to begin proceedings* against the transportation companies when the Commission itself thought it should be done.

It was worth millions to the railroads *to throw upon the individual citizen* the burden of having to begin the proceedings against rates, discriminations, etc.,—and John Sharp Williams voted with the railroads to shear away a portion of the hair in which lay the strength of the Government's Samson.

Mr. Williams was also criticised because of his opposition to the Hearst bill, which Mr. Watson regarded as the best rate bill that was offered,—the best by far.

But we will not insist upon that point,—for we now learn from the *News* that the author of the bill is a *"millionaire demagogue and atheistic anarchist."* Therefore—away with his bill. However much we may want a horse to ride, we must never buy, borrow or hire a horse if its owner happens to be a bad man. We must walk, crawl, or stand still, until we can get a horse from a man who is good.

Therefore it does not matter that *Hearst's bill was the one which the railroads most feared,* and which those who wanted genuine Gov-

ernment control most wanted. Hearst is a bad man; and we will not buy, borrow or hire his horse. We will walk, first.

Leaving out Mr. Williams' opposition to the Hearst bill, we will simply ask him four questions:

(1.) Why is it wrong for the Government to regulate and moderate the charges made against the people by the Express Companies?

(2.) Why would it be wrong for the Government to have supervision of the rates charged by Telegraph and Telephone Companies?

(3.) Why were you not willing that the Government should have the right to say whether the prices charged by the Pullman Car Company are reasonable and just?

(4.) Why did you vote to take away from the National Commerce Commission the authority *to take action on its own motion,* whenever the discriminations or unreasonable rates of the railroads seemed to render such action necessary?

Judge Reagan, of Texas,—an able, experienced and pure statesman, thought the Commission ought to have that power. Under the Reagan bill, that power was given. Under the recent rate bill that power was taken away. You, John Sharp Williams, helped the Republicans to disarm the National Commission. You helped the railroads snatch away from the Commission a most effective weapon which had been put in its hands by Judge Reagan, of Texas.

Why did you do it?

The editor of the Jackson *News* appeals to the *Congressional Record* and challenges the accusers of Mr. Williams to find these votes which Mr. Watson criticises.

Like the Act of Congress which increased the salaries of members, *there was no record vote on those propositions.* Statesmen who wanted to emasculate the Rate bill did not want their names down on the record. So the vote was by sound voice, and not by Ayes and Nays entered of record.

Consequently, the editor of the Jackson *News* might feel safe in denying that Williams voted as Watson said.

But Mr. Williams wouldn't. The Hon. John Sharp Williams will never deny, *over his own signature,* that he voted precisely as Mr. Watson charged.

The worst of it for Mr. Williams is this: *He knows that had the people of Mississippi been aware of those votes two weeks earlier, he would have been beaten out of his boots.*

In view of these facts, Mr. Williams' duty is plain. He owes it to himself and to his State to let his people be heard again.

As a proud man, he ought not to let the matter rest where it is. It looks too much like getting valuable goods under false pretenses.

He owes it to himself and his people to put this question to another vote.

But he will never do it. HE IS AFRAID TO DO IT.

* * * * * * *

Mr Williams has had much to say about the Populist votes which Vardaman got. But he does not tell the public that among the supporters of Mr. Williams was Editor Steinberger, whose paper, *The Chickasaw Messenger,* is the only Populist paper in Mississippi.

Mr. Williams also had the support of the Republican Lumber Trust men of south Mississippi, who were bitterly *opposed to Governor Vardaman because of his veto of a legislative bill authorizing these land pirates to own ten million dollars' worth of timber land in the State.*

Besides, Mr. Williams had the support of the liquor dealers of the "wet" counties of the Delta and the coast, where the open saloon has debauched a large element of the electorate.

These liquor dealers said, *"Mr. Williams has always stood for the open saloon,* and it would be base ingratitude if we were not true to him."

Governor Vardaman takes his disappointment like the manly man that he is, and proclaims his purpose to continue to fight for the principles which he discussed in the campaign.

I not only predict that Mississippi will yet send James K. Vardaman to the Senate, but that *John Sharp Williams has seen his best day.*

Were the two men to go before the people again, *right now,* Vardaman would beat Williams 5,000 votes.

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

The kingly splendor of the rising morn
Ushers the day on which the Christ was born;
The star is dimmed and set that shone erewhile,
But soft-eyed Peace with wistful, heavenly smile
And brooding wings yet hovers o'er the earth
As in that far-off day of wondrous birth,
With longing sweet, perpetual, in her embrace to fold the world,
And see in all the teeming lands her silken banners fair unfurled.

BUBBLES ON THE STREAM.

The day is drowsy: insects by the million make their subdued, silvery music in the fallow field: louder sounds have, somehow, gone into the distance: infinite quietude falls upon nature, and upon *you.*

Intensely green is our much scorned but marvellously beautiful short-leaf pine, luxuriant of plumage, endless in variety of grace and symmetry; and against its serried ranks of unbroken green stands the yellowing poplar, and sweet-gum turning to bronze. Notice how the vine of the Poison-oak wreaths its scarlet ribbons through the maple and the pine; see it run like streams of blood, down the tree.

You drink in the scene as a bacchanal would sip the nectar of the gods; and then you stroll down to the creek, and rest on the rock, by the little cascade.

You fall to watching the bubbles.

The surface is covered with them always; but no combination, however cunningly arranged, can remain so.

Not for an instant.

The bubbles form, the bubbles break, the bubbles re-form, and again they break. Always there are the bubbles, but never there to stay are *the* bubbles at which you gaze. Always coming, they are always going; always combining, they as quickly dissolve.

Bubbles of Yesterday—where are *they*: bubbles of tomorrow,—what will they be?

The stream is eternal as the hills: bubbles come, bubbles go, but the stream sings the old, old Song of the Brook.

* * * *

Is there any symbol of life more complete, more striking, than we have here in these bubbles on the water?

Consider *the family,*—can its relations be made to endure? It is different today from what it was yesterday—different in its own members, different in its touch with the outer world.

Even the family, just your own little household, is a group of bubbles on the ever-running stream of life.

Where are those who sat around the hearth in the years gone by?

Where will tomorrow leave those who sit around it *now?*

The stream will flow on, to its appointed purpose in the unfathomable plan of the Master; but the bubbles—ah, they come and they go.

Even as we clasp the hand, it is cold. Even as we kiss the cheek, it fades.

Then consider that larger circle,—*your friends.* See the bubbles change. Yesterday your enemies were your friends: Tomorrow your friends will be your enemies. No tie can fasten these human hearts of ours. Gratitude is a dream. Loyalty is the unattainable. Under the feet of Selfishness, of Envy, of Jealousy, the ennobling affections are trampled with remorseless tread. No fair Italia of kind offices and gentle words can stay the ruthless march of Attila and the Huns. So it is that the circle of friends is just as a larger group of bubbles on the pool, ever changing, never staying, ever combining, now falling away, now coming together again. Alas, the heart-break of it!

Then look again, and contemplate the larger stream of town-life, of State-life, of national relationships, of world-wide alliances.

What are these but vaster collections of bubbles on the stream?

You hear people say "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

It means that the bubbles have

changed. They had to. It is the law of nature.

In the commercial world, in the domain of religion, in all industrial callings,—*everywhere we look,* we see the bubbles breaking and the bubbles forming. Nothing "stays put." Each great nation is not only composed of ever changing bubbles,—each a scene of perpetual breakings up and re-alignments,—but *the family of nations* is never the same, *for a single year.* They change their attitude to each other while you look. Friendly today, any two of the Powers may be at war tomorrow.

Poor mortals that we are! Each bubble of us fondly believes that *he* has come to stay.

And we never can bring ourselves to realize that in the immeasurable dimensions of the Universe, we are no more than bubbles on the stream.

"Down and out!" laughs the cold stream as it hurries away with the breaking bubbles.

"Down and out!" is what the epitaph *means,* whether written on the monument which defies Time, or briefly traced in the memory of the few who knew when the bubble disappeared.

A SHRINE.

BY SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

Safe guarded in the temple of my heart,
  Its inner temple, love, before thy face
A sacred fire, on an altar burns;
  For there enshrined, like haloed saint, thou art.
Fragrance of censered incense fills all space;
  And, slowly rising from the swinging urns,
Seems heavenward soaring, like a silent prayer;
  A silent prayer of praise and gratitude,
That Love, amid earth's round of toil and care,
  Thrice blessed guest! in all its plentitude
And strength divine, hath made my heart its home.
  Illumining with its immortal flame,
Each cloistered cell beneath the vaulted dome,
  And waking slumb'rous echoes with thy name.

THE NIGHT FREE SILVER WAS KILLED.

It was in 1892.

For many years the wicked Republicans had been behaving badly. For many years the virtuous Democrats had frantically besought the country to give *them* a chance.

In the year 1890, this prayer was answered. Then the *next* question was "What shall we do with it?"

One of the wickedest things that the Republicans had done was known as the "Crime of 1873."

Oratory of the most seathing sort thundered and lightened on this awful transaction.

Cartloads of editorials, oozing righteous indignation at every pore, were written and circulated. Congressional speeches against the Crime of 1873 filled *so* many bags that the mail cars looked as though the "Weighing Period" had had the limit of time taken off.

The wicked Republicans got scared, and they hedged. To appease the wrath of the voter, without offending the Money Power too greatly, the wicked Republicans first enacted the Bland-Allison Act, and then the Sherman law. Under this last act, which had no financial sense in it, the Government was required to purchase, monthly, 4,500,000 ounces of silver, for Coinage purposes.

It was a freak law, because it neither recognized silver as a metal *entitled* to Coinage, nor excluded it wholly from the mints. Yet the Sherman Act *did* expand the currency by quite a material increase each month.

But it failed, of course, to satisfy the Free Silver men, of whom the Democratic party was the valiant, unwearied, vociferous and implacable champion. Therefore, the belligerent and unterrified Democratic Party met in National Convention and, after prayer on the megaphone, denounced the Sherman Law in bitter scorn and with just indignation as "a cowardly makeshift."

Why "a makeshift?"

Because it did not do enough for silver.

The oratory, the journalism, the management of the dear old Democratic Party proved too much for the wicked Republicans. The hearts of the people were touched by the earnest and pathetic plea of the virtuous Democrats. "We ain't had no chance; the Republicans have always been in our way; when we *have* had the Senate, they have had the House; and when we have had the House *they* have had the Senate. Give us a chance. Give us the President, give us the Senate, give us the House:—then you'll get Free Silver, Tariff Reform, Rigid Economy and a Simonpure government of the people, by the people, etc." (Great cheering.)

What nation could resist an appeal like that?

Not ours. We arose in our majesty and gave the Democratic Party *everything.* They got the Senate and the House; and as soon as the Presidential election came on (1892) they got that, also.

It so happened that Free Silver was the storm centre. The old war-horse of Missouri—Mr. Bland, the purest of statesmen and the poorest of leaders—took command of the Free Silver forces. Bourke Cockran and General Tracy, of New York; assisted by Harter of Ohio and a few others, led the fight for the Wall Street Democrats; and at every turn in the campaign they sought and received the advice of such astute Republican parliamen-

tarians as Thomas B. Reed and Julius Cæsar Burrows.

The contest dragged through many exciting days, but the crisis came at night. And such a night, Dante should have seen. It would have given him new ideas of hell.

The passions of the members had reached such a tension that the House was volcanic. The uproar drowned the Speaker's voice and insistent gavel. A vapor of cigar smoke and carpet dust struggled with the brilliant light of the chandelier. Members saw distant members as through a fog. Senators had crowded into the aisles. Lobbyists had slipped past the Doorkeepers.

Bourke Cochran and Tracy struggled with desperation to *keep off a vote* on the main question. Dilatory motions, one after another, came as fast as they were voted down. Once or twice, Gen. Tracy lost his cue, and it was a sight to startle the unsophisticated to see this New York Democrat run to the Republican leader, Tom Reed, to be coached. To see Bourke Cockran's pale-as-death face and his frantic manner, to hear his hoarse, strident, terribly earnest voice was proof enough that the man was in earnest. If he did not believe, with all his soul, that Free Silver meant ruin to the country, then he was the most consummate and superbly unconscious actor that ever simulated intensity of feeling.

For one tremendous moment, it seemed that Free Silver would come to a vote. In that case, it would surely win, for it had a decided majority. But, in the twinkle of an eye, something happened, and all was lost. Mr. Bland moved an adjournment. Dumbfounded, we heard the motion, but not ours "to ask the reason why." We had to follow the leader. The House adjourned, and that was the last of Free Silver.

Mr. Bland published, in the Washington papers, a positive statement that the Speaker had tricked him into making the motion to adjourn,—but it could serve no good purpose now to enter into that issue between Mr. Bland and Speaker Crisp.

It was said at the time that, on some of the roll-calls, men voted who were not members of Congress. To this, I could not bear witness. But what I *did* see was enough. The Lobby was out in force. Painted women plied the younger members with their blandishments. The Congressional Bar-room was crowded with bibulous statesmen. Private lunch rooms and the Restaurant were scenes of revelry and dissipation. On lounges, back of the seats, were Congressmen in the sleep of limber intoxication. Along the aisles, on the floor of the House, tipsy Solons reeled.

And, almost without exception, it was the Free Silver man who had been decoyed from his seat, led off to the barroom, led off to the restaurant, led off into a drunken collapse.

Cockran's followers did not absent themselves, nor drink too much; the Republicans stayed in their places and remained sober; the Free Silverites were the quarry the Lobby was hunting, and the Free Silverites were the victims of the chase.

* * * *

It so happened that I, one of the most unsophisticated of the new members of the Fifty-Second Congress, was so shocked by what I had found Congress to be, that the spirit moved me to write an exposure of Congressional doings,—one of which was its practice of running a barroom as an adjunct to national legislation.

In consequence of this youthful temerity of mine, I became, like the man in the old fashioned almanac,—a target at which arrows from all directions were aimed.

Before the storm blew over, the Democratic organs had succeeded in convincing their credulous and intel-

ligent readers that the only man who got drunk in the Fifty-Second Congress was the notorious "Tom Watson;" that *he* was the Congressman who had to ask the Speaker to tell him "*Where was I at;*" and that the Congressional Bar-room was "just another one of Watson's lies."

Happily, Congress was compelled to abolish its pet bar-room, a few years after I was grilled for denouncing it; and it may be that no such scenes as those which celebrated the death of Free Silver will again disgrace that majestic hall.

The readers of THE JEFFERSONIAN will be indulgent enough, it is hoped, to forgive me for publishing, in this connection, a letter which a stranger, whom I have never had the pleasure of knowing personally, wrote to me at the time.

As it was a private communication, it was not published in my own vindication during the hot times of 1892; but it cannot possibly embarrass the writer to have me publish it now; and it may yet do me the service of a disinterested witness and a generous testimonial.

* * * *

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.
REV. C. J. RYDER, SECRETARY.
Eastern District.
21 Congregational House.
BOSTON, August 3rd, 1892.

HON. THOMAS WATSON, M. C.,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—Will you kindly pardon an absolute stranger for presuming to write you? My only excuse is my hearty and sincere appreciation of your noble and manly effort to correct the gross and disgusting evils that prevail in the lower House of Congress. My duties as Secretary of one of our Benevolent Societies call me not infrequently to Washington, and the conduct and manifestations of character that I witness in the House disgust and humiliate me. I was there during the great discussion on the Silver Bill, and saw that most humiliating exhibition which took place that day.

It seems to me that the time has come when a Christian nation ought to demand decency and sobriety on the part of those who represent it in the highest legislative body. It is a disgrace to a Christian nation that the conduct and manners of these Representatives should be those of the bar-room, with fumes of tobacco and rum coming to the nostrils of those who sit in the galleries.

No partisan nor personal criticism is intended; indeed, it seemed to me that the present House is more decent than the one that preceded it. I want to assure you however, that the Christian people of New England are with you, heart and hand, in the manly effort you are making to expose, and so correct these gross and unseemly exhibitions of intemperance and rowdyism, that so frequently characterize the sessions of Congress. *Of course, we all expect that it will be white-washed over and the facts denied;* but those of us who visit Washington frequently will still know the truth, and the day of judgment must come to those who endorse this outrageous iniquity.

May God help you and other noble men in the House to hasten this day!

Yours sincerely,
C. J. RYDER.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY EDITH WYATT MOORE.

I'm going back to Georgia,
  Where Chickamauga flows,
I'll hear the lazy bumble bee
  And see the sweet wild rose.
And my heart just longs within me
  For a breath of that perfume,
And I want to wander back again
  Through fields all white with bloom.

I'm going back to Georgia,
  Where life is sheer delight,
I'll hear the wondrous mockingbird
  Make sweet the summer night.
And stand beneath the stately pines
  So monk-like and so tall,
And fill my arms with blossoms fair
  That cling to fence and wall.

I'm going back to Georgia,
  Where mountain rivers glide,
And many a happy hour I'll spend
  By Chickamauga's side!
Upon the winds I'll throw my cares,
  Adieu ambitions vain!
For when I've reached my native soil
  I'll be a girl again.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

These are troublous times for "the best Banking System on earth."

Over and over again, THE JEFFERSONIAN has analyzed this Vaunted System and exposed its utter rottenness.

In a speech made to the Farmers' Union Convention in Atlanta, last January, we pointed to the ominous fact that the various banking institutions *had loaned out ten times more money than they possessed.* We emphasized the alarming truth that the banks had loaned *twice as much* as the whole money supply of the United States.

Indulging the ravenous appetite for Compound interest, "the Best Banking System on earth" has flooded the Country with Credit Money, out of all "Safe and Sane" proportion to "honest money," and the consequence is, that these "sound money" financiers, who had a horror of "fifty-cent silver dollars," have gorged the market with bogus dollars, of no intrinsic value whatever.

* * * *

When ten credit dollars are issued against every actual dollar, all goes "merry as a marriage-bell," just so long as nobody wants that actual dollar. Nothing bad happens even when each of the ten credit dollars calls for the actual dollar, *at different times and places.* Give it time to get around—and the one dollar can redeem each of the ten credit substitutes issued against it. *But suppose all of the ten credit dollars need the support of the one actual dollar, at the same time and place!*

In such a case, there will evidently be a collapse of the card house built upon the narrow foundation.

Another thing: such insatiable graspers of wealth and power as Harriman, Ryan, Belmont, Gould, Morse, Heinze and Rogers have needed such enormous loans, that the supply of actual money has been exhausted.

The banks have been "in on the game," and these High Finance speculators have used up practically all of the funds of the depositors. Out of every hundred dollars on deposit the speculators have had the use of ninety. Consequently, when the depositor wants his money, he cannot get it. Harriman is using it, and needs it in his business. Thos. F. Ryan is using it, and needs it in his business. Thus it is, all down the line.

* * * *

The Kings of High Finance have been floating amazing issues of watered stocks and bonds. The New York traction deals of Ryan and Belmont, the use of railroad securities by Harriman to purchase another railroad,—whose securities were in turn used to purchase another—have required immense sums of money. Once these loans are made, they "stay put." *The money never seems to come back.* The loans, apparently, have a brook-like tendency to "go on forever."

The upshot of the business is that when the ten thousand depositors become uneasy and want to draw their own money out of the banks, they can't do it.

They can get a piece of paper,—in fact, several pieces of paper, elegantly engraved and nicely signed up, —but they can't get their money.

The banks haven't got it.

Harriman and certain directors of the bank borrowed it.

Ryan and certain directors of the bank borrowed it.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR TO-DAY.
—Ringel in the Milwaukee *Free Press.*

Morse, Heinze, Gould, Rogers and certain directors of the bank borrowed it.

That's all.

* * * *

One would have supposed that immediate relief to the situation could have been obtained from those great Life Insurance Companies.

Here was a beautiful opportunity for the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life to prove to the world that they actually have the mighty surplus which they advertise.

Think what a fine thing it would have been for *them* to have done what Morgan and Rockefeller did!

But nobody has heard a word about relieving the stringency by the turning loose of the huge surplus of these Life Insurance Companies.

And the reason is this,—*they haven't got the money.*

Their boasted Surplus is bookkeeping.

As to their cash,—Harriman has it, or Ryan has it, or Rogers has it.

These big Life Insurance Companies are just about as rotten as "the best banking system on earth."

* * * *

Amusingly ignorant editors have extravagantly eulogized Morgan and Rockefeller for the patriotic generosity with which they rushed to the relief of Wall Street and averted a panic.

In the first place, THE JEFFERSONIAN is by no means certain that the panic has been averted.

The fact that a brick chimney has a pole placed against it, to keep it from falling, does not speak well for the chimney.

No respectable chimney needs a prop.

After our "safe and sane" business men have won their glorious fight for "honest money,"—utterly routing the dangerous fanatics who favored the 50c silver dollar—it is sadly disconcerting to see "the best banking system on earth" propped on a pole.

The editor who can brag on the men who did the propping should remember that *these men own the chimney.*

They *had* to prop it.

* * * *

No two men have profited to a greater extent from the best banking system on earth than Morgan and Rockefeller. No matter who is President, they remain in the clover. Their banks have the use of government funds, and pay no interest.

Their banks exploit the sovereign prerogative of creating National Currency, which other people must borrow at Compound interest.

Throughout the realms of Special Privilege, feed the various interests of Morgan and Rockefeller.

They amass riches on their Railroads, on their Trust Companies, on their Steel and Oil monopolies, on their deals in Bond-issues.

The National Bank Monstrosity is a Cornerstone in the towering edifice of Special Privilege. The Tariff Monstrosity is another. The Railroad System is another. The taking out of *one* of the corner stones, endangers the whole structure.

Morgan and Rockefeller are trying to avert a panic upon the same prin-

ciple that they would zealously try to keep afloat a storm-tossed vessel in which the most valuable part of the cargo *belonged to themselves.*

Their action rises to the dignity of intelligent, energetic selfishness,—and no higher.

Editors who write slush-gush tributes to these two insatiable money-grabbers render themselves ridiculous.

* * * *

As a remedy for the rotten financial condition which has been caused by credit money, financial doctors of high degree are prescribing heroic doses of credit money.

This is done, we suppose, upon the time-honored principle that the hair of the dog is good for the bite.

If Congress should be servile enough to grant the selfish and greedy demands of the National Banks, we shall have an aggravation of all the ills from which we now suffer.

Compound interest on bogus dollars is already sucking the life-blood out of business and industry.

Ten bogus dollars to one real dollar, would seem to be as much of a robbery as any decent Christian could defend; but these voracious National banks are clamoring for *More! More!*

They demand the right to start up the machine whenever they see fit, and to flood the country with their paper promises which merchants, farmers, professional men, and all other classes shall be virtually compelled to accept as good money. That's "Sound Money," with a vengeance.

By the time these High Finance and Honest Money hypocrites and blood-suckers get things to suit them, we shall be paying Compound interest on ten times more money than there is in the whole world.

And *this* is "Safe and Sane" feenawnee!

It must be a disturbing sight to the average business man and tax-payer, to see our National Treasurer turning over the Public funds to a few reckless speculators of New York City.

It is a spectacle which will put people to thinking, if *anything* will.

When the Government makes a regular practice of allowing a few private individuals to have the constant use of hundreds of millions of public money, it is high time to recognize the appalling fact that *the voter doesn't care what they do to him.*

The voter has been fooled *so* often, disappointed *so* often, drenched on lies *so* often, lashed with party whips *so* often, defrauded out of his ballot *so* often,—that he is almost as indifferent to *one more* lash as an old sawmill steer.

If the voters resented the outrages constantly practised upon them in the name of the Government, *and showed this resentment at the ballot box,* things would be different.

* * * *

One of our brightest and best Congressmen said to me, not long ago.

"I am going to introduce a bill at the next session requiring National Banks to pay interest on those deposits of public money."

Well,—two per cent. interest on $150,000,000 would be a tidy little sum. It would be that much better than the *nothing* which we now get for those deposits.

But doesn't it look queer to you to have Smith's money taxed out of Smith's pocket, and loaned to a National Banker at two per cent.?

Indeed,—isn't it queer to have your own money taxed out of your pocket to be loaned to a National banker *upon any terms whatever?*

Nobody can defend such a thing. It is abhorrent to the natural instincts of Justice. It is Socialism, *turned wrong-side outwards.*

The manner in which the National

banks have "restored confidence" is just about as brilliantly selfish and short-sighted as it could well have been. They are issuing more bank paper. The depositors whose money has been absorbed in watered stock floatations are told that they must be content with Clearing House Certificates. In other words, the thirsty mariner has his thirst quenched with sea water!

What a situation, for the "Safe and Sane!"

Could the Free Silver Cranks have brought the Country to any worse plight with their "50c dollars?"

"Sound Money" which hides out of sight, and leaves baskets-full of worthless credit-dollars in the lurch, is just what we Free Silver cranks said it was—insufficient, unreliable, never found when most wanted.

* * * *

These Clearing House Certificates amount to a forced loan and are an illegal, and outrageous imposition upon the country. Some of the New York banks which refused to pay the depositors were actually lending millions of deposits to Wall Street firms at 50 and 100 per cent.

But what is the remedy?

Drive the National Banks off the

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

ground of sovereign prerogative. Let the Government exercise the royal function of creating *real money.* Destroy this dangerous system of credit money, which enriches the few at the expense of the many and constitutes a terrible menace to the Country. *Restore the money system of the Constitution.* Gold and Silver, —on equal terms,—*supplemented with Treasury Notes when the necessities of the case require them.* That was the money system of our fathers. It was practised by Washington, by Jefferson, by Jackson, by Lincoln.

Why did you ever allow these Gold Standard Sharks to *Amend the Constitution* without giving you a chance to vote on the change?

If *you* had been willing to listen to a despised minority, these Wall Street Conspirators would never have been able to master the situation as they have done.

You were asleep,—and the daring Conspirators *changed your Constitution,* without going through the form of submitting an Amendment to the people.

Nothing could more clearly reveal the contempt for the people which is felt by the High Finance Kings who rule the nation.

* * * *

Dixieland, an excellent magazine published at Dallas, Texas, suggests that *New York needs a Vigilante Committee.*

So it does.

The time may yet come when the millions of common people who have been robbed of their hard-earned savings will break out in uncontrollable riot against the gilded robbers who have plundered them.

Perkins steals Insurance funds, and cannot be punished.

McCall and McCurdy steal Insurance money, and cannot be punished.

Harriman loots railroads, and cannot be punished.

Ryan and Belmont loot the street car companies, and cannot be punished.

Rockefeller, Gould, Rogers, Heinze, Morse, Peabody,—all of these are lawbreakers, but they can't be punished.

They rob the depositors of millions of dollars, in the form of loans; they rob investors of hundreds of millions by unloading stock and bonds which have been boosted by lies, *lies,* LIES.

In a pioneer Community, such men would be classed with horse-thieves, and lynched.

Even in New York the time may come when Vigilante Committees may organize themselves with irresistible spontaniety, and take into their own hands the swift punishment of some of *these rich criminals who act upon the idea that they are above the law.*

* * * *

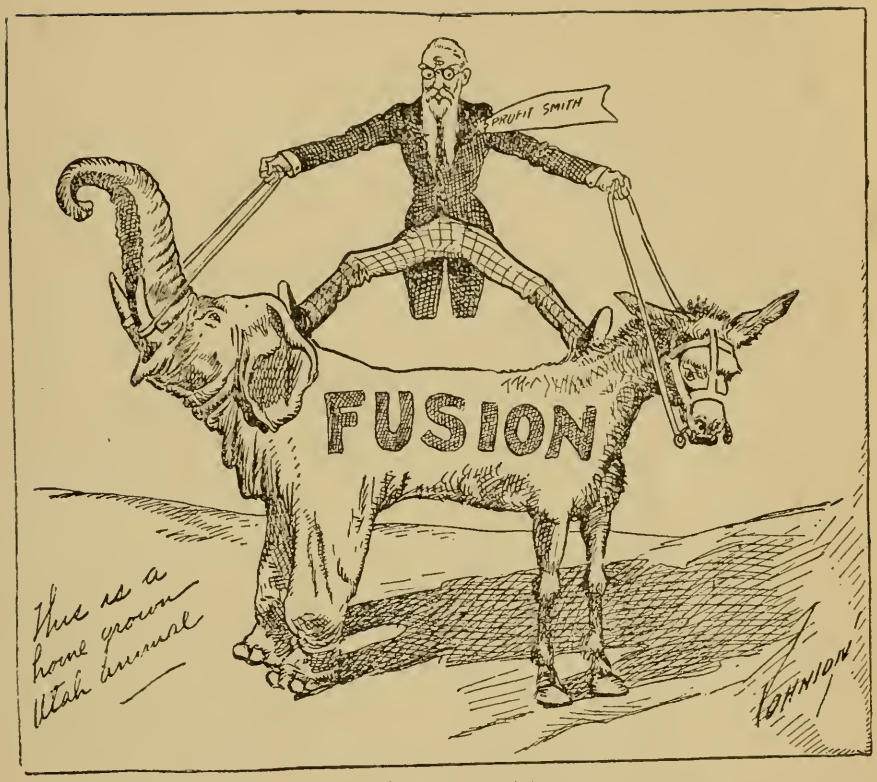
The investigation of the New York traction systems developed quite a lot of genteel rascality, on the part of such eminently respectable gentlemen as William C. Whitney, Thos. F. Ryan, and others.

In one case, these eminently respectable thieves paid Anthony Brady $250,000 for a franchise for a street railroad, the construction of which had been enjoined. In other words, the street railroad was a paper concern, only. But Brady was given $250,000 for it, and the eminently respectable thieves sold it to the Metropolitan Securities Company for $965,000. This Company was controlled by Whitney, Ryan and the other genteel rascals. They divided among themselves the difference between what they paid Brady and what they took from their Securities Company.

Then they entered the worthless franchise on the books as an *Asset* amounting to $965,000.

The asset isn't worth a cent, and the $965,000 represents the loot which the eminently respectable thieves divided among themselves.

Mr. Ryan, be it remembered, is the great and good Democrat who carries



THE POST CARD THEY RECIEVED

A POSTCARD TO THE PARTY LEADERS.

the Virginia delegation to the National Convention, in his private car. Carries them that way, for fear that some of them may get loose.

* * * *

The State of Florida is one of those Southern satrapies which has been so completely under the thumb of marauding corporations that the satraps bitterly resent any attempt at Home Rule on the part of the Natives.

By the bye, Florida is the State where Flagler's railroad wanted the JEFFERSONIAN to pay $34 freight on lumber worth about $20. They didn't collect the freight, but they took the lumber. Selah.

At present, the state has a Governor who is every inch a man, and he is letting her Wall Street corporations understand that their day of supremacy is over.

Incidentally, the Tallahassee *Sun*, one of the best American weekly papers, has been lustily sustaining the policies of Governor N. B. Broward. In the progress of events, the brilliant and fearless editor of the *Sun*, Mr. Claude L'Engle, found it necessary to expose the acts and doings of some of the Corruptionists who, in Florida, practise the arts which Lemuel E. Quigg practises in New York and which Hamp McWhorter practises in Georgia.

The knaves who were exposed in the *Sun* endeavored to crush Mr. L'Engle by a criminal prosecution for libel.

Fortunately, the case got before an honest Judge, and the knaves came to grief. Mr. L'Engle scored a great triumph, and deserves the thanks of the whole country for the magnificent battle he has waged for good government.

* * * *

Over in Germany, another editor of a weekly paper has accomplshed what seemed impossible.

Editor Hardin boldly assailed the nobles of the Emperor's immediate circle, accusing them of loathsome, debasing, unnatural vices.

One of the most powerful of these nobles prosecuted the editor for criminal libel. The case attracted the greatest attention throughout Europe and in America. In Berlin, it monopolized interest. There was a great trial during which tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon the Editor to withdraw his accusations. Even the presiding Judge earnestly pleaded with the prisoner to do this. Hardin firmly stood his ground, and the evidence which he produced was so overwhelming that he was discharged, amid the enthusiastic cheering of the multitude. The prosecutor, Von Moltke, escaped popular vengeance through the protection of the military.

Apparently, the people wanted to take his life, without delay or ceremony.

* * * *

The work done in Germany by Editor Max. Hardin makes for the true welfare of the people far more than all the galvanic posturings of that absurd creature, the Kaiser.

With his militarism, the Emperor has bent the back of every wealth-producer of the Fatherland. With his notions of Discipline,—officers spitting in the faces of privates, etc. —he is driving out the spirit of manly independence which, alter all, is the backbone of National greatness.

Such Editors as Hardin in Germany, Rochefort in France, Labouchere in England, and Watterson in America, are more truly the Conservators of national liberty than are the sleek Conformists who never dare to part from the little two-by-four rules hung up over the desk.

God! how scarce *courage* is.

Ten thousand men can be found who will face bullets, to where you can find *one* man who will risk the alienation of friends, the jeer of ridi-

cule, and the angry roar of opposition.

* * * *

Our dear friends, the Socialists, have been losing ground again. This time, it was in Great Britain. In spite of Lady Warwick and Jerome K. Jerome, Socialism "got it in the neck" in Merrie England. This is sad. "Three Men in a Boat," accompanied by "Lady" Warwick, are cruising up Salt Creek, much astonished at finding themselves navigating that particular stream.

The trouble with our dear friends, the Socialists, is that they have not yet discovered that they are trying to put life into a corpse that was a dried mummy in the age of Pericles. These ridiculous people haven't got a new thought in their entire collection of idealogical bric-a-brac.

All that stuff was thrashed out, centuries ago,—see Aristotle on "Government."

The world was not able to move a peg until each individual was assured that he would get the benefit of his own labor.

This assurance takes the form of Private Ownership.

It makes the brethren howl piteously to be punctured in this simple way, and with one accord they cry out in their pain, "He don't understand Socialism."

* * * *

Where the Governors made their mistake was in allowing the officers of the Federal Courts to serve Process upon them.

No Governor should allow it.

The Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution is but the re-assertion of the old doctrine that the Sovereign is not to be sued by the subject, save by his own Consent.

A state cannot be lawfully sued by a private citizen. A railroad corporation cannot lawfully sue a State, nor enjoin its constituted authorities. Therefore a railroad corporation cannot legally have Process served upon a Governor or Attorney-General. *The point of resistance should be presented to the first effort at encroachment.*

"Resist the beginnings," said Mr. Jefferson.

If Governor Hoke Smith had boldly declared that he would not allow himself served by the officers of the Federal Court, he would have checkmated the corporations, and given usurpatory Federal Judges a much-needed lesson.

Having gone into Court, he must now submit to consequences.

* * * *

The President *might* call out the military to enforce *a decision* of the Federal Courts against a State. He *might* feel that it was his duty to allow the Fourteenth Amendment to swallow the Eleventh.

But no President would think of calling out the military *to serve a Process* on a Governor or Attorney-General.

There is no law for it.

Therefore, had Governor Smith made his resistance *at that point* he would have caught the other fellows out.

They would not have known what to do.

They would have been absolutely checkmated.

But our various Governors have knuckled down, and gone into court, —and now they will have to take the medicine.

When a Governor allows a corporation lawyer to drag him before a court, as an ordinary citizen would have to go, the dignity of his office is compromised.

A Governor of a State owes it to the people whom he represents to maintain the dignity and *power* of the State. *It is a public humiliation to see the State dragged around by these insolent corporation lawyers.*

If Governor Smith had torn up the writ and trampled on the scraps, he would have done exactly right. *The act would have made him President.*

Some Governor will do just that, before long,—and then the outburst of National applause will arouse our public men to a realization of the fact that the people are becoming almost desperate over this continual aggression of the Corporations.

* * * *

Mr. Hearst lost out again in New York. This policy of fusing first with one of the old parties and then with the other takes from the Independence League that *moral force* which such an organization needs. Last year the Hearst papers and the Hearst League were acting in concert with Tammany and Murphy. Against Murphy, Mr. Hearst had brought such an array of accusations as no man ever forgives, whether innocent or guilty. Murphy is probably just as bad a man as Hearst said he was. The Murphy methods are criminal methods. The ways of Tammany are those of vice and crime. Hearst knows it, and proclaimed it. Yet Hearst formed a political partnership with Murphy. The net results of that unnatural alliance was that Murphy strengthened his tottering throne, and Hearst added one more defeat to his list.

In the recent campaign, Hearst allied himself and his purity League to the Republicans, and opened his batteries upon Murphy, once more.

Yet Murphy's crimes date back of last year, when he was Hearst's partner.

Consequently, Hearst's abuse of Murphy fell flat, and comparatively little interest was taken in the campaign.

It might be too harsh to pronounce such methods as "unscrupulous," but it is not easy to characterize them in any other way.

The approaching close of the year finds the Presidential race shaping itself into Roosevelt on one side and Bryan on the other.

With Roosevelt growing too radical to suit "the Conservative interests," and Bryan developing a conservatism which is displeasing to the radicals, there is no telling what the outcome will be.

Vice-President Fairbanks never had the ghost of a show; and Mr. Taft has suffered from friendship of the utterly depraved and notoriously treacherous Ex-Senator Marion Butler, as well as from the silly methods of his campaign committee.

As to Root, Knox, or Cannon,—all that is intrigue. If the Republicans are to keep the Presidency, they must run Roosevelt, or Hughes, or LaFollette. Otherwise, Bryan will win.

* * * *

Have the Sound Money financiers adopted the right method of restoring confidence?

When depositors cannot get their money, when legal holidays are improvised to suspend business, when the Government declares that the failures of the members of "the best banking system on earth" shall be kept secret, it does not seem to the JEFFERSONIAN that anybody's confidence is going to get restored.

That kind of monkey business is the very way to destroy all confidence and to precipitate a universal panic.

* * * * * *

Some years ago, when one of our funny little Railroad Commissions wrote to a certain Major Thomas, President of a certain railroad, to appear before the Commission to give certain information, the Major, with much levity and ready wit, sent back word to the Commissioners that they knew where his office was and that if they wanted to see *him,* they could come to his office.

Another railroad president—Milton

Smith by name,—was so offended at being summoned by a polite note to appear before a Railroad Commission that he, the mighty Milton Smith, straightway commenced subterranean operations, and the first thing the trembling Commissioners knew their heels were in the atmosphere.

The mighty Milton had put them out of office. He put in a new set that knew better than to irritate such mighty men as Milton Smith.

Oh, what fine old times those were!

In our own blessed State of Georgia, during the period when Joe Terrell was solemnly making motions as near like a Governor as he could, our Railroad Commission would continue any case before it, if Hamp McWhorter got on the Telephone and told the Commission it wasn't convenient for him to come to Atlanta that day. No matter how important the case, nor how many lawyers, witnesses and clients might be damaged by the postponement, the hearing just *had to be* put off.

In one case, lawyers and clients and witnesses, living more than a hundred miles from Atlanta, had to go to the city *six times* before they could find a day that suited Hamp McWhorter's "convenience."

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Recently there appeared in the *Review of Reviews* a story of the Prohibition movement in the South. Much prominence was given to the State of Georgia, and many Georgia names and faces passed in review.

But the JEFFERSONIAN looked in vain for the names and faces of those dauntless pioneers of the temperance crusade—M. J. Cofer, A. J. Hughes, Jennie Hart Sibley, Wm. Verdery, Mrs. William C. Sibley and Tillman Poole—who flew the flag and threw out the skirmish line full thirty years ago.

That's the way of the world.

Daniel Boone died, homeless, in the land which he had discovered, conquered and peopled. Lincoln gets the credit for Emancipation which was wrenched from his reluctant hands by main force. Eli Whitney is known as the inventor of the cylinder-saw gin when, as a matter of fact, that form of the gin was the invention of Oliver Bull.

Fulton is the steam-boat hero, whereas, history names at least three others who had demonstrated the success of the steam-propelled boat before Fulton was born. Jefferson is lauded as the author of the Declaration of Independence, whereas, in that document, he simply jotted down certain principles which earlier patriots had announced. fought for, and fixed in the minds of liberty-loving scholars throughout Christendom.

In the little Baptist church at Belair, the JEFFERSONIAN listened,—enthralled and entranced—to a temperance speech made by the unknown William Verdery, in the year 1875. Bryan never saw the day when he could have equalled that passionate, soul-lifting appeal. For one thing, it fixed forever the opinion of the JEFFERSONIAN,—then a college boy. The thrilling tones of the orator's voice still ring in the ear, after the lapse of thirty-two years.

Ah, yes. Seely and others reaped the grain! but such sowers as Verdery and Cofer, and Hughes, and Mrs. Sibley, sowed the seed.

* * * * * *

Elasticity is what our currency system needs. So say the financiers. Very well,—our Fathers provided for that when they were making the Constitution. As construed by the Supreme Court, our Constitutional money consists of *such currency as the Government chooses to create.* To *coin* money means to *create* money.

When Mr. Jefferson wanted to give the system elasticity, he issued Treasury Notes. So did Madison, Jackson, and Lincoln.

If Roosevelt wants to follow the highest law and the best precedent, he will issue National Notes, and thus give elasticity to the money system.

If he listens to the National Bankers, he will allow *them* to do what the Government ought to do,—thus perpetuating a system which endangers the country but which allows the National Bankers to get Compound Interest on ten dollars to every one dollar invested. As they do *now*.

* * * * * *

Mr. Taft smiled so sweetly while telling the Filipinos that Self-Government,—excepting in drop-medicine quantities,—was too good for *them*, that they cheered him enthusiastically *as he was departing* from the Islands.

Their uncontrollable manifestations of joy being most demonstrative as he was leaving, there is just the slightest room for suspicion that his going away was, also, a popular act.

* * * * * *

In Bryan's own dear State, the wicked Republicans increased their majority at the recent elections.

There isn't any Democratic Party to speak of, in Mr. Bryan's own dear State.

Out there, his chief asset is the fusion Populist.

The wicked Republicans also carried Kentucky.

Likewise Massachusetts and New Jersey.

There having been no issue, clear-cut and comprehensive, involved in these elections, the results have no significance.

In Massachusetts, indeed, something was said concerning free hides, but a shoe-jobber platform of that size affords standing room for few besides the shoe-jobber.

* * * * * *

The Paper Trust which was busted a couple of years ago needs the Big Stick worse than ever, and *this* time the President will probably aim at the Achilles heel.

Put wood-pulp on the Free List, and the Trust will be on its knees instanter.

That's the *only* way to bust a Trust.

Use the Free List. Let the outside world come in and compete. Breach the Tariff wall which protects the Trust. Disarm them of *monopoly,* by throwing open the doors to free competition.

That's the ONLY way to bust a Trust.

AS THE PASSING OF A SUMMER DAY.

BY ELIZABETH DARGAN FORRESTER.

IT WAS a pleasant afternoon in June when the whole earth was clad in the finery of young summer. In whatever direction the eye might wander, every clump of greenery was splendid with rosy profusion of blossoming laurels and rhododendrons, bursting from the somber thickets as the beauty and gladness of youth spring up joyously, undaunted by the commonplace old world.

Down a certain laurel-bordered path that wound along near the foot of a hill and close to a clear, rocky stream, a young man sauntered idly, listening to the music of the creek; and, as he listened, he soothed his soul with drinking in all that marvelous wealth of color, spread so lavishly before him.

"What a beautiful world it is, after all!" he thought. The laurels and rhododendrons with their riot of pink and green extravagance, a feast of color that almost hurt by its sheer loveliness; the cool, musical sound of running water, suggesting a pleasant retreat for warm days; beyond and above all, the magical mystery of mountain peaks, ever varying, yet always really the same. "A beautiful world!" the common-place, trite expression, often on the lips, but seldom coming from the heart. Elliot Allen had called it so, yet, in the depths of his consciousness, he was far from happy. The beauty had reached no farther than "the seeing eye," it had, as yet, no message for "the understanding heart."

Suddenly upon the stillness, a voice broke clear and strong, with all the untrained wildness of the mountain land in it; and yet, there was a something that set it apart from other voices Allen had heard there, a power and possibility which marked the singer, though unseen, with the stamp of a personality. He stopped, and stood listening. At first, it came from a distance, but grew steadily nearer. The words were distinguishable now:

"I have so loved thee, but cannot, cannot hold thee;
Fading like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away,
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor;
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender.
Thou wert so fair from thy first morning ray,
Thou wert so fair from thy first morning ray!
I have so loved thee, but cannot, cannot hold thee;
Dying like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away,
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"

Around the bend in the narrow

road between the walls of green and pink, there came into view an odd figure on an odd steed—by far the very oddest pair, taken all in all, the man's eyes had ever seen. The horse was of a washed-out, sun-baked sort of nondescript hue, and its shape, if possible, was more ludicrous than its color. In short, a more homely piece of horse flesh could hardly be imagined.

The rider herself, though by no means ordinary, or unattractive in appearance, could not have been called beautiful or even pretty. She rode, for the sake of humanity to her horse, and for greater comfort to herself in travel, a man's saddle. and was habited accordingly in a divided skirt of rough brown cloth, and a neat cotton blouse cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves. Her hands, one resting lightly on the pommel, the other dangling a tin-pail at her side, were ungloved, and roughened by hard work. The crowning glory of all, however, was a huge farm hat, ornamented with a band and bow of bright red ribbon, and completely covering her hair. It was quite a shock to discover beneath this comedy in headgear, a face of quiet earnestness, calm gray eyes, and strong, determined chin.

The stranger stepped into the road with lifted hat, as the old horse ambled alongside. "I beg pardon," he said, "but can you tell me how to find the place of the widow Carson?"

The girl reined in her horse (if such an expression could be used in reference to so mild an animal), with a quick touch on the bridle, and a grave "Whoa, Billy!" Billy "whoaed" without more ado, and the man in the road was permitted to see the gray eyes almost hidden under their shelter of big, flapping hat. The gray eyes looked steadily into his blue ones for an instant, and, with unabashed straightforwardness, she gave him a few concise directions. Then, to make it more clear, she raised her riding-whip, a cumbersome affair, and pointed out as much of the way as could be seen from their position. As she did so, he noted anew, and with pleasure, the latent power in the hand, and also the ease and grace of its movements.

Bowing low, with lifted hat, he thanked her, and went on his way, then straightway forgot the widow Carson, and that he was depending upon her to shelter him for the night, now fast approaching; indeed, he well-nigh forgot all the girl's painstaking directions, in thinking upon this unusual apparition, and wondering who she could be. Soon, however, she too was forgotten, and all thought of other things swallowed up in the trouble that was chilling his heart, and clouding his brow.

The girl, meanwhile, pursued her homeward way at a little merrier pace, the quickening of the horse's gait possibly due to the quickening of the rider's pulses. Still, the hand on the rein was just as firm, the eyes were just as steady and serious.

"Dear were thy golden hours of
tranquil splendor,"

she sang again, gazing toward the sunset; but her eyes were still looking into a pair of blue ones, and she wondered why they were sad. Her quick insight had read some trouble in the stranger's face: her quicker woman's sympathy went out to him, and she was sorry. Is there any who will pour contempt on such disinterested, and maidenly pity?

. . . The sun had just sunk in red-gold glory behind the majesty of deep blue mountains. The only sound to break the stillness floated up at intervals from a marsh near the creek, the deep note of a big bullfrog tuning his bass viol for the orchestra of night. Even birds had hushed their songs, a

light voiceless wind moved in the trees, and twilight claimed the day.

On the narrow, unrailed piazza of a farm-house, set high upon a hill-top, a girl stood, and gazed wistfully, wonderingly toward that setting sun. She was dressed in a simple muslin gown, and her hair was done low on the nape of her neck. The abundant, rich auburn waves of that hair were no longer concealed by the rough straw hat, the divided skirt and riding-whip had vanished, but the girl was the same who had ridden old "Billy" between the borders of laurel and rhododendron.

"All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's glowing embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray,
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray;"

she hummed.

A step sounded on the rocky path up the hill-side. Her gaze dropped from the distant mountains to the head and shoulders of a man laboriously ascending toward the house.

When she discovered that it was *only* a man she did not turn away again to the sunset; and why should she have done so? Is not man, near and human, after all much more interesting to man—or woman—than the remote, insensible glories of nature? Moreover, why should one waste time gazing at the sunset, which, in the mountains can be seen every day—in good weather—and a glorious one, too—when one has the opportunity of contemplating a man, which marvellous creature *cannot* be seen every day in the mountains—even in good weather—that is, a *real* man who has soft, well-kept hands, and wears clothes that one somehow knows to be irreproachable!

Again the hat was lifted—not the same hat, but a different one—yes, actually another as new and trim as the first! Again gray eyes met blue. The gray were as steady and calm as before, and in the depths of the blue was the same haunting trouble.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting your song again," he said; "but I am once more in difficulties, and have come to ask your help. My landlady has fallen ill, and so I am driven out upon a cruel world. Do you think that your mother could take me in? I hear that she has boarders."

"Just sit down a moment, please, and I will see," she replied, in cool, business-like tones.

She was gone perhaps five minutes, then returned, bringing her mother, a stout, garrulous woman, wholly unlike the daughter. The stranger rose, and bowed gravely. "Mrs. Stokes, I suppose. My name is Allen."

"Mr. Allen, am pleased to meet you," Mrs. Stokes broke right in. "And Martha wuz atellin' me you wuz looking fer a place to stop. Be'n stayin' at Viney Carson's, haint ye? Too bad 'bout Viney bein' tuk with the rheumatics jest in the beginnin' uv the season. Ef she has one er them long spells er hern, there won't be nuthin' 'tall doin' fer her in the boardin' line. Well, Viney oughter hev better sense, anyhow, than to take boarders. She's too del'eate. Now me—I aint so mighty ter look at, but I'm purty tough. I aint likely ter ever turn nobody loose ter look fer board on ercount uv my *health*," and she stopped for an instant to breathe, and laugh a comfortable, self-satisfied laugh.

Allen, seeing his chance, hastily seized it for running in an inquiry as to whether it would be convenient for her to accommodate him. After a good deal more garrulity, and some honey-coated hints as to what would be expected of a gentleman boarder, what not expected, he at last gathered

that he was accepted, at least on probation. Then the landlady offered to show him his room, and he followed her into the hallway. As he passed within, he turned and bowed to the girl who still remained on the porch. She did not seem to see him, however. Her eyes were upon her mother with such a look of pain in them below that calm surface, that the man almost stopped and stared to see the change that had come over her face.

An hour later, supper disposed of, Allen went down the hill, and half-a-mile across the creek valley to his former boarding place; then trudged up again, suit case in hand, followed by a chalk-faced boy bringing another suit case. The girl's eyes grew wider. Was it possible that there were to be *two* boarders? She had not heard anything about it. Perhaps he would bring a friend; for what could *one* man want with *two* such mammoth suit cases?

The owner of these articles, all unaware of what was going on in Martha's mind, marched into the house with half his luggage, followed by the stony-visaged youth struggling with the other half. Having reached the goal of these efforts, the boy dropped his load with a mighty grunt of relief, and mopped his perspiring face, which had lost some of its pallor, but nothing of woodenness. Allen ran his hand into his pocket, the movement being attended for an instant by a tinkling of silver; then the hand came up again, and some coins, fully treble the amount of the charges, were carelessly tossed into the outstretched, waiting palm. The effect of the tip upon this rural porter was simply to make him stare harder, and, if possible, a degree more sheepishly. At last he said in stolid monotone, like the grinding of a slow machine, "Guess ye counted wrong, mister."

Allen's hearty laugh reached the ears of the girl outside, as he answered with some nonsense only half understood by the boy, who grinned from ear to ear once, then lapsed again into expressionless solemnity, backing out, still regarding his prize.

"May I come out and enjoy the moonlight with you?" Martha slipped to the end of the settee, and made room for the new boarder. There were no chairs on the piazza, what else could she have done?

They were alone out there; the moonlight was wonderful, and all the witching music of the summer evening drifted in upon them. The earth seemed to breathe mystery, and smile indulgently in the darkness at those who would read her riddle.

Ah, well! it is nothing new, perhaps; the kind interest, and quick sympathy of a man who understands, one who has seen the great world, tasted of its sweets and bitters, tested many of its values by the searchlight of experience, dwelt a good deal in the sunshine of favor, yet still remained unspoiled enough to enjoy an evening spent talking simply with an untutored mountain girl, drawing her out to speak with becoming reserve, and yet confidingly, of some of the things that had lain hidden in her heart, unspoken always. No, it is not altogether new; it is pleasant; but, apt to be sad in the end. . . With gentle tact, he led her on to speak of her childhood, spent here and still farther back among the lonely mountains, where at night the trees whispered dark things to each other, and the wild-cats and panthers cried about the dwelling, but could not make her afraid; of her brief school days in the nearest city; of the little school that she herself was teaching now, five miles away.

The next morning he was up in time to see her mount with the ease of one to the saddle born, and ride away to school, garbed queerly as before, and on her queer steed; but, somehow, he did not feel amused now

as when he first saw her, for she had told him about wearing the boy's hat to keep the glare of the sun from her eyes, and about riding the man's saddle to save her horse's back from rubbing and herself from greater weariness on the long ride. He knew, too, that she herself had fed and watered the nag—no other hand must touch the sacred beast—and he knew that she loved "Billy" with a tender devotion that made him, hideous though he might be to the casual observer, wonderful in her eyes.

A long time he stood watching her as she rode away into the morning freshness, bravely to meet all the trials the day had in store. How straight she sat in her saddle! A gallant little figure that a painter might have been glad to pose on a war charger.

In the late evening she came home more slowly, and slouched forward wearily, her little lunch-pail hanging from the saddle, and both hands clasped idly on the pommel. Her face brightened when she saw him, and she regained some of her springiness as he helped her alight—a mere show of assistance which she might easily have dispensed with.

So the days passed on, differing little one from the other; but to the girl they all differed from the past, as roses from blackberry blossoms. It mattered little that so many hours were spent at the log school house and on the long road. In the morning she went away gaily, because he stood at the door-step to give her god-speed, or walked along for awhile by her side, carrying her lunch-pail and patting Billy's neck; the long, dull day was sped by the knowledge that, when its labors were ended, she would find sweet companionship in the cool evening under the stars of heaven; and that five-mile journey home could not be wholly dreary when she looked at a certain turn in the road to see the house come in sight, and the figure of a man in perfect clothes rise from the swing, stretch itself, then come down the hill with a friendly wave of the hand.

So June passed, and July glided swiftly into August, the friendship of the city man and the country girl growing as naturally and pleasantly as the days passed, neither of them realizing what it had come to mean. The laurels and rhododendrons had long ago faded from the woods except high upon the mountain tops, where a few sprays still lingered to charm and reward the tired climber, as do sometimes the lost joys of youth blossom up on some far, still peak along life's journey, a surprise and gladness to the heart of a footsore traveller grown weary of the scramble upward.

Through a field dotted with ox-eyed daisies and the lacy heads of wild carrots, Allen and Martha strolled in the pleasant afternoon to watch the sunset from an open hilltop. They were just in time to see the sky break up into islands of gold in a sea of azure after the sun went down.

"Oh!" cried the man with a quick intake of breath, "is it not beautiful, wonderful?" He was thinking how like was that blue to the liquid color of a woman's eyes, and the glory of those sunset clouds to the golden fleece of her hair. He sighed almost imperceptibly, and the look that Martha had noted when first she saw him, deepened as he remembered things he would fain forget.

The girl, too, looked upon that evening beautiful with her soul open wide to its influence; but she was silent. She came of a reserved race who thought it shame to speak of things that lie deeper than the common interests of every day. At first she did not speak, but slowly her hand stole to her throat as if something hurt her there, and the man, turning away from his own reverie,

saw tears well up in her wonderful gray eyes. He leaned against a rail fence that crossed the hill, and watched her face. Something in the unconscious pathos and wonderful strength of it stirred the depths within him. She appeared to have forgotten his presence totally, for she was too simple and unselfconscious to pose for his admiration. Her whole frame seemed to quicken and throb with some strange fire of hidden and suppressed longing. He knew and recognized it—the reaching out of the finite after the infinite—the struggling of the immortal, but fettered, soul toward the free, the calm, the limitless beyond. Feeling his eyes upon her, she turned, and her face reddened beneath his gaze.

"Did you ever want things—anything—very much," she asked, "and have them denied you, and denied you, for such a long time that there seemed to be no hope of fulfillment?"

He nodded. "Yes, oh! yes."

"Ah!" she continued. "I feel so cramped here—this life is very narrow and sordid. Why is it, when the country, the vast mountains, the unbounded sky—all nature is so grand, and big, and free, that we, the people whom God intended to be so much greater than nature, are dull and plodding, narrow and undeveloped?"

She did not wait for an answer, but went on, for once swept out of her reserve by the throbbing of this unrest within her. "I long to leave it all—even my dear mountains—behind awhile, and go out there, somewhere, into the great, wide world, and learn the meaning, and mysteries, of life—to take my stand shoulder to shoulder with the fighters, and WIN! Perhaps, then, I should be ready to come back and rest here."

"Yes," he said quietly, "then you would be ready to come back and rest here."

She looked at him quickly. "You are right, I guess, but—I want the fight before I can enjoy the rest. One eternal rest, without any activity, becomes a dull monotony—and then, this is not rest after all, but toil instead, ceaseless toil in the midst of a great silence—the dreary grinding of a mill beside a stagnant pool. It is not life at all—as different from life as man, who can get up at will and move from place to place, is different from a brainless machine."

Elliot leaned nearer, and searched the depths of her eyes, wonderful always, lighted now with the fire of a great longing. "What is it you want so much, and cannot have, little girl?" he said very gently.

She waited a moment, and met his look, wondering at his tone, full of the same kindly sympathy, but with it, a new note of sadness, half pity.

"There are so many things," she said at last, "that I hardly know what to mention. It seems sometimes that I am only one great big want, and that contentment is an echo from a far off land. I have tried, oh! I *have* tried, but I *cannot* be content. I can go on, oh! yes, I can go on—I suppose I could go on forever, if it should be required of me. One must do the work that falls under one's hand. To do less would be sin; but there is a difference between just doing because that is the right way, and doing because there is joy, there is happiness, in the heart. When I was a little girl, as far back as I remember, I loved best to wander away from everybody, to sit under the trees, or lie still in the cool, sweet grass, listening to the birds, wondering what lay in the wonderful country beyond the shimmering haze that rested upon the mountains, and wishing that I could fly away like the birds and see it all for myself. So, you see," and she smiled a little wanly, "I have never been quite satisfied, although I have had so much, so very much to make me happy, and so little sorrow. It is wicked, and ungrateful, I know;

but, somehow, I have never been able to conquer this—this unrest.

"So, it would be hard to begin to tell you the things that I want; and, if I could, I would not weary you with the tale. But, I think, the greatest—the beginning of that new life I long for—would be to go to some big college, and learn, and learn wonderful things. I would go up, step by step—I know I could—until I should be somebody, really; and the world should know; and, some day, perhaps, I should be a great lady, rich and powerful; but, I want to do something first—something truly worth while—some of those things that make one count in the world. Oh! I cannot bear to live, to die, hidden here always, like—like those little flowers there, as powerless, and as little worth while as they," she finished, sweeping her hand toward the spots of white gleaming in the dark grass.

"My dear little friend," said the man sadly, "what can be more beautiful than the pure white mountain daisy with its heart of gold, living its little life when and where God wills, nor questioning that the time and place be wisely chosen? The world *is* wonderful; and the things you long for, noble; but, that is not all—the world is sad and wicked too; those who know it best are not the ones who love it most—and, daisies, torn up from their cool, clean earth are apt to fade and lose their freshness."

He was still looking down into her face, and she was silent at his words, but she shook her head gravely, as if only half convinced. After a long time she spoke. She had been lifted for a moment out of herself, out of her accustomed calm. Now the rapt look was gone from her face, and the glow and fire had died from her voice, leaving it lifeless and still, as the falling of sear leaves on a windless night. "I was very foolish to speak so," she said, "I hope you will forget what I said. There is just one thing more that I would say. It is true that flowers are obedient always, and live their little lives beautifully as God bids; but—I cannot think, I cannot feel, somehow, that He meant me for just this—always. If He did, I can live it to the end."

Allen would have spoken again, have tried to soothe her, to make her understand; but, while he waited, choosing his words, she drew a quick breath, and looked down upon the valley where lights were twinkling like so many stars in an inverted sky, lifting its answering face to the great canopy above. "Dear me!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late. Mother will not like my staying after night." And she began the homeward journey.

For awhile they walked in silence, then she turned upon him suddenly. "It is not fair," she said, "I have talked so much, and bored you with my foolishness; and you have not told me anything about your wanting things."

"Did I say I wanted things?"

"Yes. Have you forgotten so soon?" Her reply was mildly reproachful. "I think there must have been something you wanted once, oh! so much and could not have."

The old pained look, that had somehow vanished of late, came back again for a moment, and his voice was almost too quiet as he answered. "Yes, I have wanted one thing very much, and could not have it—cannot ever have it."

"Tell me about it. Did your mother care?"

The last question touched Allen deeply. A great pity for the girl rose in his heart as he thought of the slovenly, sharp-tongued woman waiting below, and remembered his own mother, with her gentle voice and stately bearing.

"Yes, little girl," he said, "my mother wanted it more than all else."

"Then, who was so unkind as to

keep you from it?" she asked, in her straightforward way.

He smiled a little at her persistence. "Oh, why should it matter *who?* I cannot have my heart's desire. That is the main thing."

She said no more, and his quick perception told him that he had hurt her. "Forgive me, Miss Martha," he said. "I did not know that you really cared to hear about my little woe. I did not think it would interest other people much."

"I am always interested," she said simply.

"Well, then, since you are so kind and sweet, it was another man—a man I *hate*," and his deep blue eyes, always so pleasant and friendly to her, turned for an instant a steely hue. There was a dangerous light in them that would have frightened a more timid soul; but his companion only smiled.

"Then I hate him too," she said, with simple frankness.

At that he smiled again himself. "Thank you, my little friend," he said.

The brief cloud of anger passed from his brow, which, in truth, was made but for sunshine, and all the hatred died out of his heart, for that was made only for sunshine, too. So, soon they came, laughing and chattering, to the porch to join the gay group gathered there, and the serious talk of the afternoon was apparently forgotten. But such rare moments are never really forgotten. That night, the things that had been spoken came back to tease sleep away from Martha's excited brain; and an ordinarily sensible little head tossed, weary and wakeful, on its hard pillow, while two big eyes stared into the darkness. The words "heart's desire," and "a man I hate," words unheeded at the time, save for a momentary interest, rose up before Martha's mind, vividly, as if written in letters of fire upon the blackness, bringing with them, a new and sinister significance. She had yielded, half unconsciously, to a world-old woman's folly, and was beginning to pay the woman's price.

. . . Allen was a somewhat enthusiastic student of character, and during these summer days, not the least of his interests and pastimes was the study of this strange mountain girl, in whom he saw great possibilities—a rare gem, he considered her, in the darkness of a mine.

Her close-kept tongue loosed for once by ready sympathy and friendship, she told him much of her past life and present longings, which had hitherto been a sealed book. Besides what she told him, and what he gathered from little hints dropped here and there, his own perception and intuition gave him much; so that he had before him abundant material for construing her personality.

That between her and her mother there was a total lack of sympathy, a pitiful incompatibility, he had divined long ago. Indeed, it was a source of daily wonder to him that Martha could be at all the daughter of this beady-eyed, garrulous woman and her dull husband. He had pondered the matter much, wondering sometimes in a fanciful mood, if she might not, after all, be a foundling child; but yet, there was about her a resemblance to both parents that could not be denied—like she was, and still so unlike. So, at last, Allen was forced to work the problem out, as best he could, to make the facts harmonize with the laws of heredity and environment. He concluded, finally, that Martha's strong intellect and quickness might be traced, through roundabout channels, to her mother's shrewd sense; while, by a still more devious process, her calm and reserve could be reckoned back to the account of her father's stolid placidity.

So far in his dissection, Allen could

get with some degree of satisfaction; but when it came to the real character of the girl—that fundamental something which held together all other traits, which permeated her whole being—the soft fragrance of sweet personality—he was obliged to shake his head, and say that Martha defied complete analysis, and was an exception to all known rules.

She was no ordinarily bright girl, such as one finds sometimes transcending the limitations of mean and petty surroundings, she was wonderful—little short of a genius, Allen thought, —a woman, who might some day, in the fullness of time, be accounted worthy to take her place with the queens among women. But that day was dim, and shadowy in the distance. In the meanwhile, she was, to those who chanced upon her in her obscure corner, nought but a poor, unlessoned girl, cramped and held down by her narrow surroundings, fretting, and beating her hands against the bars.

Soon after their conversation on the hill-top, Allen learned from her more definitely of some things just hinted at then. She longed, as she had said, to go to school at a great college, feeling sure that, after that, the way would open up before her. Just what she wanted to be, to do with her life, was dim and misty to her yet, but it must be something worth while. Her desires and tastes were all along literary and artistic lines; while her mother, opposing these things bitterly, had determined that she should be a trained nurse. Why this idea had taken such deep hold upon her the daughter could not understand; but it did not take Allen long to discover that Mrs. Stokes in her girlhood had had a passion for nursing; but had, in an ill-considered moment, given up all her plans and prospects in exchange for the snug prosperity offered in becoming the wife of Otis Stokes. All the spare time of her dull, hard-working life since then had been spent in regretting her choice; and all the energy of her nature had been turned toward the accomplishment of her own ambitions through her oldest daughter. That the daughter revolted from the idea was entirely a secondary matter in the mother's estimation—only one of the many obstacles to be overcome.

It was this selfish policy, mistaken by Mrs. Stokes for motherly solicitude, that added bitterness to the hopeless uncongeniality already existing; it was this ever-widening gulf between herself and her mother that daily increased the girl's unrest; and it was this, together with the ceaseless struggle going on in her heart between natural lack of sympathy and the promptings of filial love and duty, that made her frantic to go away, made her stretch out her arms toward the sunset that still August evening upon the hill.

Small wonder that, while in this state of mind and heart, a stranger's coming should have meant so much to her. They came, the summer people—many of them—every year; and they *were* summer people really, to Martha. They glided on the current of her life as leaves upon the laughing surface of a stream, the depths unstirred by them. They came and went as phantoms in a dream, some of them assuming enough importance to detach themselves occasionally from the shadows of the past and sit beside her awhile in memory, saying over once more some word that had helped or pleased, smiling again a smile that had cheered, or singing some dearly loved song.

But *this* man was different—the man who helped her mount her horse in the morning, holding her little tin pail, who watched for her coming each evening with a dear, kind light in his eyes, who taught her many of the sweet lessons of life which she so longed to learn, who brought her real things from a real world—a soul

world, in which she long had wandered, but blindly, though, at best, groping through the years for a hand, now, at last, reached out to guide.

Could she, then, ever forget? Would the blue eyes fade away after a time, and float amid those other shadows of past day-dreams? Was his place in her life no more lasting and real than the smoke he blew upward from his cigar those pleasant evenings when the stars twinkled almost giddily, and even the heavy moon, long grown old and wise, seemed young again?

Ah, no! She would not forget, no not ever. There are some things that drift carelessly into our lives, and drift just as carelessly out again, half-unheeded—like a shred of mist, blown across the face of the immovable mountain; but, there are others that come upon us floating, floating, as idly it would seem, but, they never go away,—rain clouds above the sea, falling, drop by drop, into its depths to mingle their freshness with the salt of its waters.

And the man, what did it all mean to him, these idle days spent pleasantly in this primitive mountain village far from the heat and crowds of his city? Allen had lived his life in the world, had learned some of its hard lessons, tasted the bitter waters, had his ears tickled by the world's flattery; and yet, he was not tainted by its cynicisms and its sins. There was that about him which made him most pleasing to women, and his friends among them were legion from ocean to ocean, and even beyond; still, he had no ambition to become a "lady-killer." He had heard other men boast of their exploits. Too often the stage-setting of these little dramas of love was in some secluded place where the ways and wiles of mankind were things unknown. There are no weapons provided for dangers of which one has never heard. So, while some good fellow, whom his mates all loved, told them a little tale of a piece of foolery of his far away in a lonely farm-house, where days were dull enough before, and full of care, there was now, perhaps, a life-long shadow on the brow of a simple country girl, a life-long sorrow in the heart.

These little stories, and all amusement that they excited in others, had the effect always upon Allen of inspiring him with a boundless contempt for the hero, and a gentlemanly pity for the victim. The thought that he should ever take part in an affair having even the semblance of such as these would have filled him with shame. Let it be said for him, then, that he had no thought for the girl whose hand he touched each morning and evening of that summer vacation, save kind, friendly thoughts to help her become what she longed to be, and, for himself, to enjoy her sweet, wholesome companionship and forget, for awhile, his heart weariness.

Strange! that one so well-versed in the ways of the world should not have foreseen the result, should not have read the future quickly from knowledge of the same old story in the past of others? Yes strange, but not impossible. Martha was not a girl, as most girls. Her brain and heart seemed too full of other, broader things to be touched yet by this personal passion that makes the whole world kin, and yet confines itself within the limits of two human hearts. And, more than this, there was about the man an unspoiled loveliness of temper, rarely found in men, a youthful lack of self-consciousness that gave to him, in spite of his contact with some of the cynic-making aspects of life, a boyishness that never lost its charm.

* * * When the daisies and Queen Anne's lace—as Allen called the wild

carrots—which had followed the laurels and rhododendrons of early summer, now in their turn were giving place to the prodigal wealth of goldenrod, when the leaves were turning in the forests all their myriad tints of autumn glory, when the air began to lose its summer softness and take on a tang of fall; in the perfect peace of a matchless September afternoon, Martha rode joyfully homeward on her mild steed, nicknamed by Allen, Lucifer, for the mere sake of its utter unsuitability to the brute's real character. She was singing blithely a gay little song, for this was the last day of her term. The log school house was locked up for a season, she carried the key in her pocket—having conquered an impish desire to drop it into the creek; the little tow-heads had all gone trooping home, as glad as she that school was done; and, above all, there was within her a wild, unheard-of hope that, perhaps, with Allen's help, relying upon that wonderful something about him which she had not yet learned to call tact, or magnetism, she might possibly be able to coax those foolish ideas out of her mother's head. She dreamed, though she hardly dared, that in a few weeks' time she might actually be steaming away on the little local train to connect with the outside world—with life—with *fame!*

So, again Elliot Allen heard her singing, but not the plaintive song she sang before. This one was merry, and the figure which presently came around the bend sat quite straight on Billy's back. It was the very place where he had first seen her, and unconsciously, in turning out to let her pass, he had drawn his horse on to the identical spot where he had once stood himself and waited for her.

Quick as a flash the girl saw it; her heart beat madly for an instant with a strange, new joy that she could not define; then, suddenly, the glad light faded from her face, leaving it dull, pinched, and plain as any other mountain face. "There, against that clump of laurels, where, when they were gorgeous with blossoms of the spring, he came to me; there, now that they are dull, and flowerless, he will go away again forever!" Something said the words to her deep down in her heart. It was one of those marvellous intuitions which come to people occasionally in times of great stress.

When she came within speaking distance, he hailed her, and she brought Billy to a stand. "I'm bound for Hadley's," he cried; "but I'll be back to supper. I've got to get a telegram off."

The sound of his cherry voice reassured her, and the girl forgot her strange premonition. She smiled. "You do not seem to be sad," she said. "I hope there has been no bad news."

For answer, he drew a letter from his pocket, and waved it boyishly above his head. "Ah, no!" he cried. "The queen reprieves! The queen reprieves my sentence, and recalls the exile!"

A puzzled expression came over Martha's face. Allen looked at her, laughing. "Don't think I'm crazy, Miss Martha," he said. "I'm just the happiest, luckiest fellow alive."

The fear was clutching at Martha's heart again now, but she was brave, and there was only friendly interest in her eyes as she called for an explanation. "Don't you think you ought to give your friends a chance to rejoice with you over your good fortune, whatever it may be?" she asked.

He brought his horse to her side, and catching her bridle, leaned over Billy in confidential attitude. "Miss Martha," he began, half seriously, half gaily; "it's a big secret; but you

have been so kind and sweet that I'm going to tell you, just you—nobody else shall know." He paused, and she nodded and smiled encouragingly.

"You remember that man I told you of once?" he continued—"the man you were good enough to hate with me?"

Another nod.

He dropped his voice reverently, so low that, had she been a foot farther away, she could not have caught the words. "You remember that I spoke of my 'Heart's Desire?' "

Once again she nodded.

"Ah, Martha! I loved her so! I loved her until the love was pain; and she, she thought she liked that other man the best. She sent me away, and I think I should have died without your sweet comfort. You helped me, Martha. You taught me to be strong. I can't tell you in such a little while all that your friendship has meant to me—means to me still. And now, I'm going to beg you right away, as a special favor to honor our wedding by coming; for, she decided that it wasn't the other fellow, after all, and—she says I may come back! I'm very happy, Martha. I'm off for Hadley's now to wire her that I am starting tonight! But, you are tired after your long, hard day. I was a beast to keep you here so long. Charge home with all kinds of speed, and leave Lucifer for me to tend when I come."

She reached out her hand for Billy's bridle, and, as she did so, she smiled bravely up at him; but she did not dare look into the blue, blue eyes, lighted now, she knew, by a joy in which she had no part.

"I am so glad for you, my friend," she said. "It must be sweet to have your heart's desire at last." Then she held out her hand, and he pressed it warmly, that muscular, powerful hand which could have crushed his sweetheart's slender fingers in a single clasp.

There are many women, versed in the ways of the world, schooled in the art of self-control, knowing well how to make of their faces fine masks to conceal what lies in the heart, who would, in some time of great strain, give all their earthly possessions to look as Martha Stokes looked when she held out her work-hardened hand there on that woodland path. With her, it was no art, but the in-born fineness of her nature—the impulse to hide suffering. That her future, which, a moment before, had seemed a joyful stream, rippling and gleaming in laughing sunlight, now lay stretched out ahead a dreary wind-swept waste with no flower on its bosom, no star in the dark; that the little song, just sung in excess of hopeful gaiety, was hushed forever;—all this she knew perfectly—there was no merciful dullness to take the edge from the blow. Her mind was too keenly alive not to realize; but still she could smile, and speak bravely, sympathetically, with no quaver in her voice. The hand which she held out to him was warm and firm as ever, and in her face, even a more self-conceited man could not have found a trace of any deeper feeling than her usual friendly interest, and pleasure in his joy.

Down the hill she rode, and out of sight among the trees, sitting erect in the saddle, one hand holding firmly to the riding whip, the other dangling her dinner pail. Allen watched her a moment, then he, too, went on his way.

He did not ride far, however, before his horse slipped on a loose stone, stumbled and fell, nearly tumbling himself and his rider over a steep hillside. Allen caught a projecting root, and so saved himself; but the beast refused to rise, so that it was a good while before Allen could get him

up, mount, and ride on. It was owing to this delay that he discovered something which otherwise he would never have suspected; for, had he been able to pursue his way unhindered. he would have been deep in the woods before Martha rode out into the belt of open land that lay along her way. As it was, he himself was climbing a rise from which he could command much of the road over which he had passed earlier in the afternoon, over which Martha was passing now, and the crookedness of it brought it near enough in some places for him to be able to see distinctly the picture now before his astonished eyes.

Billy walked peacefully out into the clearing, his patient old head down. This was nothing unusual for Billy, but his rider—her head, too, only a moment past carried so proudly as she rode away, was bent now so low that the unruly hair streaming over her forehead almost brushed Billy's mane. Her body was crumpled forward, all the life and beauty gone from its curves. and both hands held on to the saddle for support; the riding whip and dinner pail were gone entirely (Allen found them later in the road), but the boy's hat was still on her head and hid her face from his eyes.

For a moment, he stood stock-still where he had drawn rein, and gazed at her, his jaw dropped. What could have come over her? Was it really Martha at all?—but Billy was unmistakable. so also were the divided skirt and pathetic old hat. Was it possible, then, that a figure, such a short time ago so gallant and soldierly, could have been reduced to this disconsolate heap? Then. the thought came to him that Martha was ill—Martha, with whom one could no more associate illness than shadow with sunshine—so he turned to gallop after her; when, suddenly, near at hand, but soft and low, in a rich musical voice that carried a thrill with it, a voice he knew, came words of the song Martha had sung when first he had met her; and Allen paused, held there spellbound.

"Thy glow and charm, thy smiles, and tones, and glances,
Vanish at last, and night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's glowing embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray,
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles, and tones, and glances,
Vanish at last, and night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"

Billy and Martha came to the trees again, and disappeared from sight. The singing sank to a mere breath and died away. The spell broken, Allen turned to the singer. She was gazing toward the sunset. which a few moments ago had melted all the sky to liquid fire, but was now fast fading into the grayness of ashes as night drew on. She seem oblivious of his presence and of Martha riding homeward; but, somehow, Elliott knew that she had seen. that the singing was not wholly accidental. He felt the strange fitness of it, yet but dimly understood its significance. He was still looking wonderingly at the lady, and trying to make out the meaning of it all, when she turned around. He knew her quite well, Mrs. Middleton from the green cot-

tage at the foot of Stokes' hill. She often charmed them in the evening with her music, and it was she who had taught Martha all the girl knew of singing—had taught her this very song.

She smiled now, and spoke to him as if seeing him for the first time; but he scarcely heeded what she said. "Tell me," he asked anxiously, "is she ill—has she fainted?"

"Why, Mr. Allen!" the lady replied, as if hardly knowing what to make of such a question. "You must think I am a seer or a prophet! Your question does not explain itself."

"I think you know," he said, quietly. "There seems to me no need, nor time, for formalities now. You saw her—my friend; I feel sure you did. Tell me, if you can, what it all means. I seem to face some mystery to which I have no key."

Mrs. Middleton's face was quite grave now, and she spoke with simple directness, for she saw that he was in dead earnest. It was only to make sure of him that she had quibbled. "No, she is not ill," she said, "and she hasn't fainted. It is odd to me that you do not understand." She paused, and the last sentence was half an interrogation. For reply he shook his head.

"No? Well, were you not talking with her there below? Yes, I saw you—I could not help seeing, at first—then—then I was interested, and *watched.* I saw it all in pantomine. It was wonderful! Strange! that you, one of the chief actors, should not have understood the play! Why, boy, do you not know there was a tragedy enacted there on that quiet little path that to me was finer than all Shakespeare, because—it was *lived* under my very eyes. I have watched this thing growing, day by day, and I did not speak. It seemed I could not speak. I feel now that I was wrong. I might have saved her this mortal hurt."

Allen's voice sounded thick and hoarse as it came between dry lips. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Is it anything I have done? *What* have I done?"

She came nearer, and laid her hand upon his arm, for she was much older than he, and her heart was full of pity for both him and the girl. "Many people would blame you," she said gently; "but I think I understand. You love yourself too little to have suspected that you have unconsciously won the love of a girl you only sought to befriend. Is it not so?"

The meaning of it all, which had been growing in his consciousness, burst now upon him fully, in a lightning flash that blinded. "Would God you had told me sooner!" he cried; and, without another word, put spur to his horse, and dashed recklessly into the shadow of the trees.

Mrs. Middleton pursued her way on down the path, shaking her head sadly while she sang:

"Thy glow and charm, thy smiles, and tones, and glances
Vanish at last and night advances.
Ah! couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye sweet day!"

The words of it reached the man's ears and pierced his soul like dagger points; but Martha, when she caught the sound of them, borne far on the evening air, straightened up in her saddle, and sitting erect, her face as calm as the closing day itself, rode home into the yard.

When she had dressed herself carefully as usual, she went out upon the porch. There was nothing to come to her there now, except pain—added pain upon pain, because of

sweet joys past—but still she would not fail to be in her accustomed place, *could* not fail this night of all others. Martha's heart might break—it was not proof against breaking—but her hand would be steady, her face calm, to the end.

While she sat there, her mother came out and dropped down upon the bench by her side. Mrs. Stokes was talking volubly, as usual, of petty things, but the sound came but vaguely to Martha's ears, the pain which her mother's incessant talk usually caused her being lost now in the great pain that drowned all else. Meeting no response, Mrs. Stokes after a time lapsed into silence, which was broken at last by the girl herself.

"Mother," she said, "we will have to be very busy now, for in three weeks I am going away, and it will push us to get the sewing done."

"Now, let me tell you somethin', Marthy Stokes," and the little beady eyes snapped dangerously. "I ain't agoin' ter hev no foolishness—none er them colleges, an' music, an' writin' books, an' all sech mess. You nee'n 'ter think no child er mine is goin' ter say good-bye, with my consint ter all her common-sinse. An' listen ter me, Marthy (shaking her hard finger in the girl's very face) —what a child er mine cain't do *with* my consint, tain't likely they'll do *without* it!"

"Hush mother!" the other said gently, laying her hand upon her mother's knee to quiet her. "I have given up all those things, and I want to tell you now what I have decided. I have been thinking about it all. I want to be a trained nurse; and, I want to begin as soon as I can."

For a minute there was a dead silence. Mrs. Stokes, for once in her life, was completely overcome, and had nothing to say. There was no one, however, to appreciate this unheard-of state of mind. Poor Martha was too sad to notice it, and even if she had thought about it at all, she was too true to be disrespectful even in her thought.

Mrs. Stokes had been working for years for just this moment—this blessed consummation of affairs; and now, that it had really come, she was so taken by surprise that she was dumb for a full minute. When she did speak, her words were stranger than her silence.

"Marthy," she said with almost a softness in her voice, "Marthy, mebbe, after all, you wouldn't like that. I dunno but whut ye'd like somethin' else better. Daughter—how would ye like to marry, and settle down?"

For the first time in their lives, there was a real sympathy between this mother and daughter. They were brought into harmony by the common chord of disappointment and suffering. Martha understood the sacrifice that her mother was making to say these simple words—knew how much it had cost her to yield.

"No, mother," she answered, after a pause. "That will never be. Marriage was no more intended for me than I was meant to be a great lady and accomplish wonderful things, as I once dreamed. Perhaps, after a long time and much climbing, I may reach the peaks I have seen the sunset kiss; but now, for awhile, I must walk in the valley where the shadows have gathered. The light is gray, but I can see better if I help somebody else along. I want to go out into the world where people are working, and help them; and, I think there is no better way to begin than by easing the pain in their poor racked bodies. I don't think it really matters so much what I do, just so it will help somebody who is hurt."

It was the longest speech from the heart that she had ever made to her

mother. Mrs. Stokes could not understand it all, but her heart swelled with unaccustomed pride in her child. "I allus thought you'd see it that way some day, Marthy," she said, laying her bony, knotted hand almost tenderly upon the girl's.

A long time they sat thus; neither spoke again until it came time for supper to be looked after, when Martha rose, too, with her mother, and went to help. After supper, the family and their boarders, with the exception of Allen who had not returned, came out to sit on the porch. After awhile, one by one, they went in, feeling the evening too chilly to sit out side; till Martha only was left. She too was longing, aching to go, but she must keep up, and give no sign. She grew uneasy when Allen delayed so long, and her ears strained to catch the first sound of his coming.

At last, hoof-beats fell upon the still air; then the figure of a horseman detached itself from the shadows, and slowly began the ascent. Martha sat quite still except for a nervous twitching of the powerful hands lying in her lap. With a mighty effort, she summoned all her courage that she might keep her secret still.

* * * While Martha had been sitting on the porch waiting, Allen, far away on the mountainside, had fought out his battle all alone—the supreme battle of his life. He did not go to Hadley's, but, instead, turned aside from the trail he followed into a level path, where he rode at a mad pace until his horse was weary; then flung himself from the saddle upon the cool, damp ground.

There, in the deep, unearthly stillness, broken only by ghostly sounds of the night, alone with his God, and face to face with his own soul, he fought for his "Heart's Desire," as a man perishing of thirst will fight for water. She rose up before him in all the alluring charm of her dainty beauty, and beckoned him to come. Her pearly teeth gleamed in the darkness, as the echo of her laughter sounded in his ears; her soft, perfumed head seemed to rest caressingly against his shoulder, and her white hands to touch his, drawing him on into a land of perfect bliss.

It was only by an effort that strained his very heart, that he broke the magic spell which held him in its toils. He prayed for clearness of vision, and for strength to follow sight. After a time, in spite of whispering voices that lured him, he saw the way quite plain; then, when he had struggled to the limit of endurance, strength came at last, and he mounted his horse and rode away.

* * * When he came out to join Martha, Elliot was tired and pale, but there was no hint of weakening about the set of his chin. He sat down upon the bench at her side, and she could see his face perfectly even in the dim light. There was a look upon it that she had never seen there before, and it startled her painfully, by very contrast with its former care-free gaiety. As he spoke, she began to understand; when he was done, she saw it all—the self-accusation, the agony, the bitter struggle, the victory—and she understood the look of peace crowning a noble renunciation. Her heart went out to him, and she loved him more than ever, for this thing which he did; but hers was a perfect love, so that she was true and steady to the end.

"Martha," he said, breaking the silence. Her heart leapt again at the sound of her name on his lips without the little prefix. He had never called her just "Martha" before this afternoon when he told her of his joy, and it had made her heart beat faster then. "Martha," will you listen to me awhile; and forgive me if I seem strange and inconsistent? Forget

this afternoon, or, if you think of it at all, remember that a man's feelings may sometimes change totally in an hour."

The dear face of an absent one swam in mist before his eyes, upon it a look of puzzled reproach. He was denying her, he knew, and the words choked him, but he stuck to them bravely. ("Forgive me, my darling!" he said in his heart to that face. "Forgive now if I seem untrue. There are so many others waiting for you. You can forget. She is only a mountain lass with no one but me alone. I have done her a cruel wrong, and must try to make up some way!")

With a tense effort, he sent that face out from his sight, and reaching over, took Martha's hand very gently in his own. If it seemed rough and hard to his touch, and if one, white, soft, and diamond-ringed, floated for an instant across his vision, blinding him, he did not flinch, nor was there anything in voice or manner to betray him.

"Don't blame me, Martha, for what you cannot understand, for I tell you that you need have no fear. I shall always be true—true to you to the end. I want you to be my wife, dear, and go away with me into the great wide world where we can work together and make those dreams of yours come true. You shall be near me always, and never leave me."

It was then that Martha knew all and understood perfectly. In the darkness she bowed her head with reverence before the glory of this self-sacrifice, and pressed his hand, just once, because she loved him so; then she drew hers away, and spoke quite calmly. Who hearing the quiet cadence of her voice falling upon the musical, soft air that still September evening, would have dreamed that she was sealing the death-warrant of her happiness, was shutting herself out forever from all that seemed to her fair on earth?

"You are so kind," she said, "so true, and good. I shall hold you always in my heart, my friend—close in my heart—but this, *this* cannot, *must* not be! I am no mate for you; I should but hold you down, and that would break my heart. Happiness can never be found in stealing the joy of another. I shall not forget your kindness to me, and these days we have spent together. You have given me help, comfort, encouragement, that shall make me strong whenever I look back upon this time. You have given me that which can never be taken from me—the memory of a perfect friend. I am going away soon, for I have decided to be a nurse. It is my mother's wish, you know, and after all seems wisest and best. Our ways will lie far apart, and we may never meet again, but I shall not ever forget you, and, wherever I am, there beats for you, as long as I live, the heart of a friend. To you I have spoken more than I have ever done to any human being, and more than I shall ever speak again. Always we are friends, whether or not we see each other any more. If you are ill at any time, and need my help, send for me, and I will nurse you back to health again."

The last words came with a note of finality, but still Allen was loth to go away and leave her. He rose, took a step forward, then came back. "I cannot leave you, Martha," he said in a low, tense voice. "You *must* come with me. Do not feel that you could possibly hinder me in any way. *You* can only *help!* Come!" and he held out his arms to her—the last triumph of his renunciation. "Come with me, Martha. I promise to make you happy, and to shield you always. You need not fear to trust me."

"I do trust you," she cried, her head thrown back and a proud light

in her eyes, but unheeding the outstretched arms. "I would trust you with my most sacred interests; but, I cannot go with you. You must go alone."

She took her little silver watch from her girdle, and looked at it with businesslike steadiness. "You have only three-quarters of an hour to pack up and catch your train. Hurry, or you will be left."

There was no uncertainty about his dismissal now, no alternative was left him; but he had little joy in his heart as he packed his suit cases hastily to go back to his Heart's Desire.

When he came out again, the entire family and the remaining boarders were assembled on the porch to say good-bye. Each gave him a farewell handshake with many good wishes, and, for each in turn, he had some kindly parting word. Martha stood slightly apart from the others, but still one of them. As he approached her the last one, she smiled naturally and held out her hand, still steady and firm; but Elliot did not fail now to see the sadness that dulled the gray light of her eyes.

"You must be very good," she said lightly, "and you must not forget us quite." He pressed her hand warmly, bending so low above it in the darkness that his lips brushed her fingers; and Martha did not resist.

He slipped a book into the outstretched palm. It was one they had read and loved together. Often it had been spoken of between them, and quoted freely in the days now past. Afterward Martha held it among her dearest treasures, and inscribed upon the fly-leaf the verses of the song which had been so strangely interwoven with the threads of her fate.

"Good-bye, little friend," Allen said huskily; then added under his breath, "God keep you always." Once again the gray eyes and the blue ones met—met in their last long farewell. Then he was gone.

Looking back, when half-way down the hill, he saw her still standing in the shadow where he had left her near the others, who were waving. When she saw him looking, she waved too, and smiled once more. From the green cottage in the valley, Mrs. Middleton's voice, the voice with a thrill in it, floated out upon the night:

"Thy glow and charm, thy smiles, and tones, and glances,
Vanish at last, and night advances.
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"

He could bear no more, but turned his head, and went on down, stumbling blindly and wiping the tears from his eyes.

The voice stopped a minute, and he took courage to look back again. The group were still standing much as he had left them; but Martha was gone, and her white shawl lay on the floor, where she had dropped it unheeding.

"All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's glowing embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray,
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
I have so loved thee, but cannot, cannot hold thee;
Dying like a dream, the shadows fold thee.
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away;
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"

The voice quavered and failed on the last note from an emotion not

excited by the singer's own sorrows; an owl lifted its mournful, questioning cry; and, from far upon some wooded steep, came the lone call of a catamount.

The man shivered, and bowed his head. For an instant all sounds of the night seemed to be hushed—a breathless pause;—and then, cleaving the deathly stillness like a thunderbolt, broke the hoarse whistle of his train coming to bear him away to his Heart's Desire.

FOR A FLY LEAF OF LANIER'S POEMS.

BY HILTON B. GREER.

Not vainly drawn, O stainless chevalier,
  Thy sword of song at Beauty's high behest—
Guarding her sacred shores from vandal wrong
  While daring Death's keen stroke with dauntless breast.

Though fallen in thy flower, O my prince,
  Of all Song's knightly court the knightliest!
Love's time-enduring laurels wreathe thy name—
  Brave-souled Lanier—White Sidney of the West!

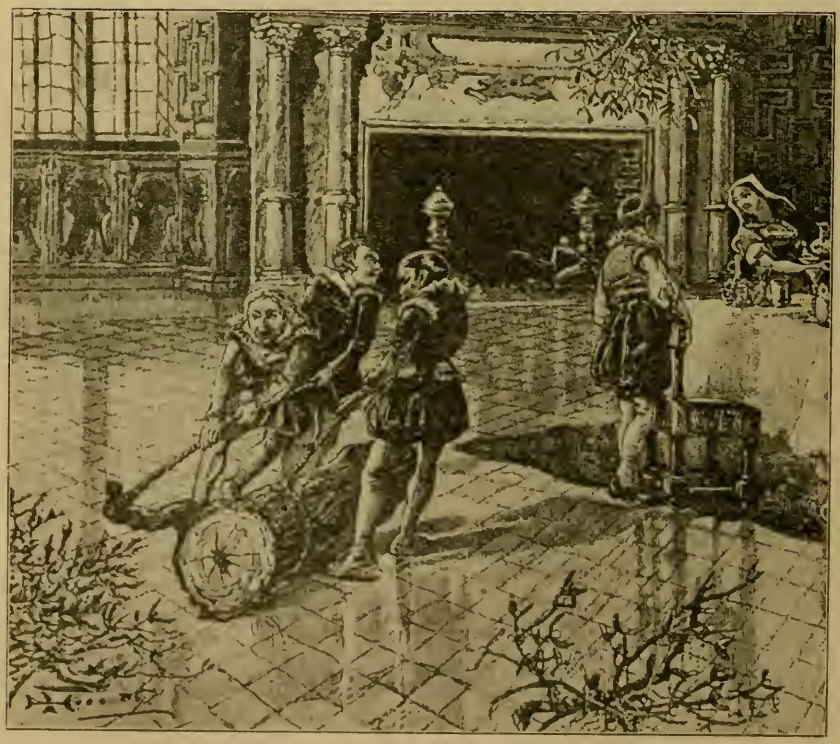
CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HEAP on the wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;

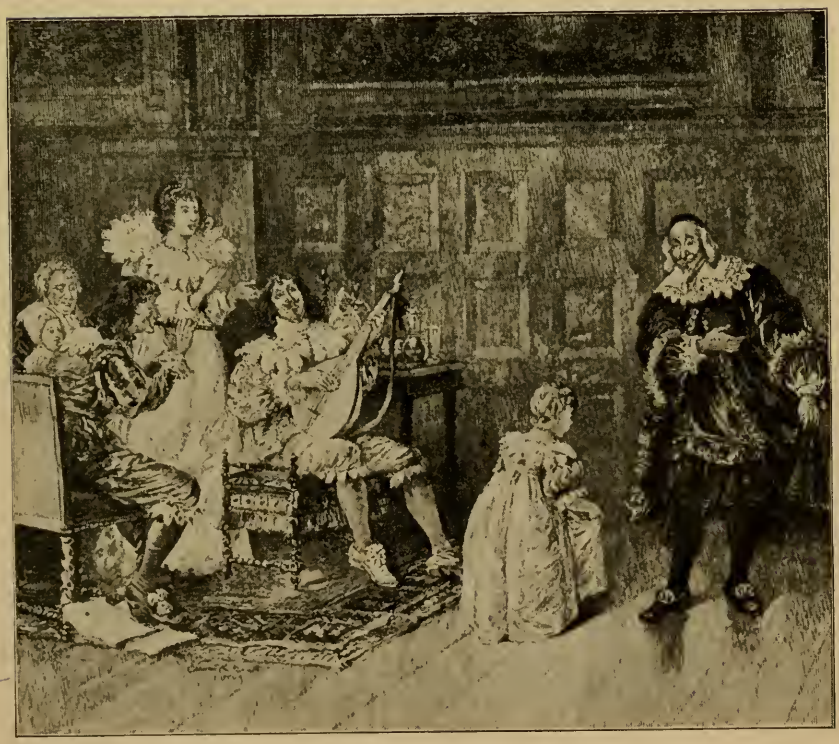
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green.
Forth to wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;



Power laid the rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "Post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice the happy night,

That to the cottage, as to the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The high hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

Then was brought the lusty brawn
By an old Blue-coated serving man;
Then the boars head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.



The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;

If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who list may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Chapter XVII.

THE events which took place at Chester's that adventurous night had a remarkable effect on the young master of the place. After Ann Boyd had left him he restlessly paced the floor of the long veranda. Blind fury and unsatisfied passion held him in their clutch and drove him to and fro like a caged and angry lion. The vials of his first wrath were poured on the heads of his meddlesome guests, who had so unceremoniously thrust themselves upon him at such an inopportune moment, and from them his more poignant resentment was finally shifted to the woman whom for years he, with the rest of the community, had contemptuously regarded as the partner in his father's early indiscretions. That she—such a character—should suddenly rise to remind him of his duty to his manhood, and even enforce it under his own roof, was the most humiliating happening of his whole life.

These hot reflections and secret plans for revenge finally died away and were followed by a state of mind that, at its lowest ebb, amounted to a racking despair he had never known. Something told him that Ann Boyd had spoken grim truth when she had said that Virginia would never again fall under his influence, and certainly no woman had ever before so completely absorbed him. Up to this moment it had been chiefly her rare beauty and sweetness of nature that had charmed him, but now he began to realize the grandeur of her character and the depths to which her troubles had stirred his sympathies. As he recalled, word by word, all that had passed between them in regard to her nocturnal visit, he was forced to acknowledge that it was only through her absorbing desire to save her mother that she, abetted by her very purity of mind, had been blindly led into danger. He flushed and shuddered under the lash of the thought that he, himself, had constituted that danger.

He went to bed, but scarcely closed his eyes during the remainder of the night, and the next morning was up before the cook had made the fires in the kitchen range. He hardly knew what he would do, but he determined to see Virginia at the earliest opportunity and make an honest and respectful attempt to regain her confidence. He would give her the money she so badly needed—give it to her without restrictions, and trust to her gratitude to restore her faith in him. He spent all that morning, after eating a hasty breakfast, on a near-by wooded hill-side, from which elevation he had a fair view of Jane Hemingway's cottage. He saw Virginia come from the house in search of the cow, and with his heart in his mouth he was preparing to descend to meet her, when, to his consternation, he saw that she had joined Ann Boyd at the barnyard of the latter, and then he saw the two go into Ann's

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house together. This augered ill for him, his fears whispered, and he remained at his post among the trees till the girl came out of the house and hastened homeward. For the next two days he hung about Jane Hemingway's cottage with no other thought in mind than seeing Virginia. Once from the hill-side he saw her as she was returning from Wilson's store, and he made all haste to descend, hoping to intercept her before she reached home, but he was just a moment too late. She was on the road a hundred yards ahead of him, and, seeing him, she quickened her step. He walked faster, calling out to her appealingly to stop, but she did not pause or look back again. Then he saw a wagon filled with men and women approaching on the way to market, and, knowing that such unseemly haste on his part and hers would excite comment, he paused at the road-side and allowed her to pursue her way unmolested. The next day being Sunday, he dressed himself with unusual care, keenly conscious, as he looked in the mirror, that his visage presented a haggard, careworn aspect that was anything but becoming. His eyes had the fixed, almost bloodshot stare of an habitual drunkard in the last nervous stages of downward progress. His usually pliant hair, as if surcharged with electricity, seemed to defy comb and brush, and stood awry; his clothes hung awkwardly; his quivering fingers refused to put the deft touch to his tie which had been his pride. At the last moment he discovered that his boots had not been blacked by the negro boy who waited on him every morning. He did this himself very badly, and then started out to church, not riding, for the reason that he hoped Virginia would be there, and that he might have the excuse of being afoot to join her and walk homeward with her. But she was not there, and he sat through Bazemore's long-winded discourse, hardly conscious that the minister, flattered by his unwonted presence, glanced at him proudly all through the service.

So it was that one thing and another happened to prevent his seeing Virginia till one morning at Wilson's store he heard that Jane Hemingway had, in some mysterious way, gotten the money she needed and had already gone to Atlanta. He suffered a slight shock over the knowledge that Virginia would now not need the funds he had been keeping for her, but this was conquered by the thought that he could go straight to the cottage, now that the girl's grim-faced guardian was away. So he proceeded at once to do this. As he approached the gate, a thrill of gratification passed over him, for he observed that Sam Hemingway was out at the barn, some distance from the house. As he was entering the gate and softly closing it after him, Virginia appeared in the doorway. Their eyes met. He saw her turn pale and stand alert and undecided, her head up like that of a young deer startled in a quiet forest. It flashed upon him, to his satisfaction, that she would instinctively retreat into the house, and that he could follow and there, unmolested even by a chance passer-by, say all he wanted to say, and say it, too, in the old fashion which had once so potently—if only temporarily—influenced her. But with a flash of wisdom and precaution for which he had not given her credit, she seemed to realize the barriers beyond her and quickly stepped out into the porch, where coldly and even sternly she waited for him to speak.

"Virginia," he said, taking off his hat and humbly sweeping it towards the ground, "I have been moving heaven and earth to get to see you alone." He glanced furtively down the road, and then added: "Let's go

into the house. I've got something important to say to you."

Still staring at him, she moved forward till she leaned against the railing of the porch. "I sha'n't do it," she said, firmly. "If I've been silly once, that is no reason I'll be so always. There is nothing you can say to me that can't be spoken here in the open sunlight."

Her words and tone struck him like a material missile well-aimed and deliberately hurled. There was a dignity and a firm finality in her bearing which he felt could not be met with his old shallow suavity and seductive flattery. From credulous childhood she seemed, in that brief period, to have grown into wise maturity. If she had been beautiful in his eyes before, she was now, in her frigid remoteness, in her thorough detachment from their former intimacy, far more than that.

"Well, I meant no harm," he found himself articulating, almost in utter bewilderment. "I only thought that somebody passing might—"

"Might see me with you?" she flashed out, with sudden anger. "What do I care? I came out here just now and gave a tramp something to eat. If they see you here, I suppose it won't be the first time a girl has been seen talking to a man in front of her own home."

"I didn't mean to offend you," he stammered, at the end of his resources; "but I've been utterly miserable, Virginia."

"Oh! is that so?" she sneered.

"Yes, I have. I feel awfully bad about what took place. I wanted to give you that money for your mother, and that night when I finally got rid of those meddlesome devils and—"

"In the name of Heaven, stop!" Virginia cried. "I simply will not stand here and talk about that."

"But I have the money still," he said, feebly. "You kept your word in coming for it, and I want to keep mine."

"I wouldn't touch a cent of it to save my life," she hurled at him. "If my mother lay before my eyes dying in agony and your money would save her, I wouldn't have it. I wouldn't take it to save my soul from perdition."

"You are making it very hard for me," he said, desperately; and then, with a frankness she could not have looked for even from his coarsest side, he went on passionately: "I'm only a man, Virginia—a human being, full of live, admiration, and—and sion. Young as you are, I can't blame you, and still you *did* encourage me. You know you did. I'm nearly insane over it all. I want you, Virginia. These meetings with you, and the things you have let me say to you, if you have said nothing yourself, have lifted me to the very sky. I simply cannot bear up under your present actions, knowing that that old woman has been talking against me. I am willing to do anything on earth to set myself right. I admire you more than I ever dreamed I could admire a woman, and my love for you is like a torrent that nothing can dam. I must have you, Virginia. The whole thing has gone too far. You ought to have thought of this before you agreed to come to my house alone at night, when you knew I was—when you knew I had every reason to expect that you—"

"Stop!" she cried, with white lips and eyes flashing. "You are a coward, as well as a scoundrel! You are daring to threaten me. You have made me hate myself. As for you, I despise you as I would a loathsome reptile. I hate you! I detest you! I wake up in the night screaming in terror, fancying that I'm again in that awful room, locked in like a slave, a prisoner subject to your will —waiting for you to bid good-night

to your drunken friends—locked in by your hand to wait there in an agony of death. Love you? I hate you! I hate the very low-browed emptiness of your face. I hate my mother for the selfish fear of death which blinded me to my own rights as a woman. Oh, God, I want to die and be done with it!"

She suddenly covered her impassioned face with her hands and shook convulsively from head to foot.

"Oh, Virginia, don't make a mountain out of a molehill," he began, with a leaning towards his old, seductive persuasiveness. "There is nothing to feel so badly about. You know that Ann Boyd got there before I—I—"

"That's all *you* know about it," she said, uncovering eyes that flashed like lightning. "When I went there, with no interest in you further than a silly love of your honeyed words and *to get your money,* I did what I'll never wipe from my memory."

"Virginia"—he tried to assume a light laugh—"this whole thing has turned your head. You will feel differently about it later when your mother comes back sound and well. Ann Boyd is not going to tell what took place, and—"

"And you and I will have a secret of that nature between us!" she broke in, furiously. "That's got to blacken my memory, and be always before me! You are going to know *that* of me when—when yes, I'll say it—when another man whose shoes you are unworthy to wipe believes me to be as free from contact with evil as a new-born baby."

Chester drew his brows together in sudden suspicion.

"You are referring to Luke King!" he snapped out. "Look here, Virginia. don't make this matter any more serious than it is. I will not have a man like that held up to me as a paragon. I have heard that he used to hang around you when you were little, before he went off and came back so puffed up with his accomplishments, and I understand he has been to see you recently, but I won't stand his meddling in my affairs."

"You needn't be afraid," Virginia said, with a bitterness he could not fathom. "There is nothing between Luke King and myself—absolutely nothing. You may rest sure that I'd never receive the attentions of a man of his stamp after what has passed between me and a man of your—" She paused.

He was now white with rage. His lower lip hung and twitched nervously.

"You are a little devil!" he cried. "You know you are driving me crazy. But I will not be thrown over. Do you understand? I am not going to give you up."

"I don't know how you will help yourself," she said, moving back towards the door. "I certainly shall never, of my own free will, see you alone again. What I've done, I've done, but I don't intend to have it thrown into my face day after day."

"Look here, Virginia," he began, but she had walked erectly into the house and abruptly closed the door. He stood undecided for a moment, and then, crestfallen, he turned away.

Chapter XVIII.

One bright, crisp morning a few days later, after her uncle had ridden his old horse, in clanking, trace-chain harness, off to his field to do some plowing, Virginia stole out unnoticed and went over to Ann Boyd's. The door of the farm-house stood open, and in the sitting-room the girl saw Ann seated near a window hemming a sheet.

"I see from your face that you've had more news," the old woman said, as she smiled in greeting. "Sit down

and tell me about it. I'm on this job and want to get through with it before I put it down."

"I got a letter this morning," Virginia complied, "from a woman down there who said she was my mother's nurse. The operation was very successful, and she is doing remarkably well. The surgeon says she will have no more trouble with her affliction. It was only on the surface and was taken just in time."

"Ah, just in time!" Ann held the sheet in her tense hands for a moment, and then crushed it into her capacious lap. "Then *she's* all right."

"Yes, she is all right, Mrs. Boyd. In fact, the doctor says she will soon be able to come home. The simple treatment can be continued here under their directions till she is thoroughly restored."

There was silence. Ann's face looked as hard as stone. She seemed to be trying to conquer some rising emotion, for she coughed, cleared her throat, and swallowed. Her heavy brows were drawn together, and the muscles of her big neck stood up under her tanned skin like tent-cords drawn taut from pole to stake.

"I may as well tell you one particular thing and be done with it," she suddenly gulped. "I don't believe in deception of any sort whatever. I hate your mother as much as I could hate anything or anybody. I want it understood between us now on the spot that I done what I did for *you,* not for her. It may be Old Nick in me that makes me feel this way at such a time, but, you see, I understand her well enough to know she will come back primed and cocked for the old battle. The fear of death didn't alter her in her feelings towards me, and, now that she's on her feet, she will be worse than ever. It's purty tough to have to think that I put her in such good fighting trim, but I did it."

"I am afraid you are right about her future attitude," Virginia sighed, "and that was one reason I did not want help to come through you."

"That makes no odds now," Ann said, stoically. "What's done is done. I'm in the hands of two powers—good and evil—and here lately I never know, when I get out of bed in the morning, whether I'm going to feel the cool breath of one or the hot blast of the other. For months I had but one desire, and that was to see you, you poor, innocent child, breathing the fumes of the hell I sunk into; and just as my hopes were about to be realized the other power caught me up like a swollen river and swept me right the other way. Luke King really caused it. Child, since God made the world He never put among human beings a man with a finer soul. That poor, barefoot mountain boy that I picked up and sent off to school has come back—like Joseph that was dropped in a pit—a king among men. Under the lash of his inspired tongue I had to rise from my mire of hatred and do my duty. I might not have been strong enough in the right way if—if I hadn't loved him so much, and if he hadn't told me, poor boy, with tears in his eyes and voice, that you were the only woman in the world for him, and that his career would be wrecked if he lost you. I let him leave me without making promises. I was mad and miserable because I was about to be thwarted. But when he was gone I got to thinking it over, and finally I couldn't help myself, and acted. I determined, if possible to pull you back from the brink you stood on and give you to him, that you might live the life that I missed."

Virginia sank into a chair. She was flushed from her white, rounded neck to the roots of her hair.

"Oh, I didn't deserve it!" she cried. "I have remained silent when

my mother was heaping abuse upon you. I made no effort to do you justice when your enemies were crying you down. Oh, Mrs. Boyd, you are the best and most unselfish woman that ever lived."

"No, I am not that," Ann declared, firmly. "I'm just like the general run of women, weak and wishy-washy, with dry powder in my make-up that anybody can touch a match to. There is no counting on what I'll do next. Right now I feel like being your stanch friend, but I really don't know but what, if your mammy hemmed me in a corner, I'd even throw up to her what you did that night. I say I don't know what notion might strike me. She can, with one word or look of hers, start perdition's fire in me. I don't know any more than a cat what made me go contrary to my plans that night. It wasn't in a thousand miles of what I wanted to do, and having Jane Hemingway come back here with a sound body and tongue of fire isn't what I saved money to pay for. If forgiveness is to be the white garment of the next life, mine will be as black as logwood dye."

"The pretty part of it all is that you don't know yourself as you really are," Virginia said, almost smiling in her enthusiasm. "Since I've seen the beautiful side of your character I've come almost to understand the eternal wisdom even in human ills. But for your hatred of my mother, your kindness to me would not be so wonderful. For a long time I had only my mother to love, but now, Mrs. Boyd, somehow, I have not had as great anxiety about her down there as I thought I would have. Really, my heart has been divided between you two. Mrs. Boyd, I love you. I can't help it—I love you."

Ann suddenly raised her sheet and folded it in her lap. Her face had softened; there was a wonderful spiritual radiance in her eyes.

"It's powerful good and sweet of you to—to talk that way to a poor, despised outcast like I am. I can't remember many good things being said about me, and when you say you feel that way towards me, why—well, it's sweet of you—that's all, it's sweet and kind of you."

"You have *made* me love you," Virginia said, simply. "I could not help myself."

Ann looked straight at the girl from her moist, beaming eyes.

"I'm a very odd woman, child, and I want to tell you what I regard as the oddest thing about me. You say you feel kind towards me, and, and—love me a little. Well, ever since that night in that young scamp's room, when I came on you, crouched down there in your misery and fear, looking so much like I must 'a' looked at one time away back when not a spark of hope flashed in my black sky—ever since I saw you that way, helpless as a fresh violet in the track of a grazing bull, I have felt a yearning to draw you up against this old storm-beaten breast of mine and rock you to sleep. That's odd, but that isn't the odd thing I was driving at, and it is this, Virginia—I don't care a snap of my finger about my *own* child. Think of that. If I was to hear of her death to-night it wouldn't be any more to me than the news of the death of any stranger."

"That *is* queer," said Virginia, thoughtfully.

"Well, it's only nature working, I reckon," Ann said. "I loved her as a baby—in a natural may, I suppose—but when she went off from me, and by her going helped—child though she was—to stamp the brand on me that has been like the mark of a convict on my brow ever since—when she went off, I say, I hardened my heart towards her, and day afte

day I kept it hard till now she couldn't soften it. Maybe if I was to see her in trouble like you were in, my heart would go out to her; but she's independent of me; the only thing I've ever heard of her is that she cries and shudders at the mention of my name. She shudders at it, and she'll go down to her grave shuddering at it. She'll teach her children not to mention me. No, I'll never love her, and that's why it seems odd for me to feel like I do about you. Heaven knows, it seems like a dream when I remember that you are Jane Hemingway's child and the chief pride of her hard life. As for my own girl, she's full grown now, and has her natural plans and aspirations, and is afraid my record will blight them. I don't even know how she looks, but I have in mind a tall, stiff-necked, bony girl inclined to awkwardness, selfish, grasping, and unusually proud. But I can love as well as hate, though I've done more hating in my life than loving. There was a time I thought the very seeds of love had dried up in me, but about that time I picked up Luke King. Even as a boy he seemed to look deep into the problems of life, and was sorry for me. Somehow me and him got to talking over my trouble as if he'd been a woman, and he always stood to me and pitied me and called me tender names. You see, nobody at his home understood him, and he had his troubles, too, so we naturally drifted together like a mother and son pulled towards one another by the oddest freak of circumstances that ever came in two lives. We used to sit here in this room and talk of the deepest questions that ever puzzled the human brain. Our reason told us the infinite plan of the universe must be good, but we couldn't make it tally with the heavy end of it we had to tote. He was rebellious against circumstances and his lazy old stepfather's conduct towards him, and he finally kicked over the traces and went West. Well, he had his eyes open out there, and came back with the blaze of spiritual glory in his manly face. He started in to practice what he was preaching, too. He yanked out of his pocket the last dollar of his savings and forked it over to the last people on earth to deserve it. That made me so mad I couldn't speak to him for a while, but now I'm forced to admit that the sacrifice hasn't harmed him in the least. He's plunging ahead down there in the most wonderful way, and content—well, content but just for one thing. I reckon you know what that is?"

Ann paused. Virginia was looking out through the open doorway, a flush creeping over her sensitive face. She started to speak, but the words hung in her throat, and she only coughed.

"Yes, you know as well as I do," Ann went on, gently. "He come over here the other night after he left your house. He hitched his horse at the gate and come in and sat down. I saw something serious had happened, and as he was not due here, and was overwhelmed with business in Atlanta, I thought he had met with money trouble. I made up my mind then and there, too, that I'd back him to the extent of every thimbleful of land and every splinter of timber in my possession; but it wasn't money he wanted. It was something else. He sat there in the moonlight that was shining through the door, with his head on his breast full of despair. I finally got it out of him. You'd refused him outright. You'd decided that you could get on without the love and life-devotion of the grandest man that ever lived. I was thoroughly mad at you then. I come in an inch of turning plumb against you, but I didn't. I fought for you as I'd have fought for myself away back in my girlhood. I did it, although I

could have spanked you good for making him so miserable."

"You know why I refused him," Virginia said, in a low voice, "You, of all persons, will know that."

"I don't know as I do," Ann said, with a probing expression in her eyes. "I don't know unless, after all, you have a leaning for that young scamp, who has no more real honor than a convict in his stripes. Women are that way, except in very rare cases. The bigger the scoundrel and the meaner he treats them the more they want him. If it's that, I am not going to upbraid you. Upbraiding folks for obeying the laws of nature is the greatest loss of wind possible. If you really love that scamp, no power under high heaven will turn you."

"Love him? I loathe him!" burst passionately from Virginia's lips.

"Then what under the sun made you treat Luke King as you did?" asked Ann, almost sternly.

"Because I could not marry him," said the girl, firmly. "I'd rather die than accept the love and devotion of a man as noble as he is after—after—oh, you know what I mean!"

"Oh, I see—I see," Ann said, her brows meeting. "There comes another law of nature. I reckon if you feel that way, any argument I'd put up would fall on deaf ears."

"I could never accept his love and confidence without telling him all that took place that night, and I'd kill myself rather than have him know," declared the girl.

"Oh, *that's* the trouble!" Ann exclaimed. "Well. I hope all that will wear away in time. It's fortunate that you are not loved by a narrow fool, my child. Luke King has seen lots of the world in his young life."

"He has not seen enough of the world to make him overlook a thing of that kind, and you know it," Virginia sighed. "I really believe the higher a man becomes spiritually the higher his ideal of a woman is. I know what he thinks of me now, but I don't know what he would think if he knew the whole truth. He must never be told that, Mrs. Boyd. God knows I am grateful to you for all you have done, but you must not tell him that."

Ann put down her sheet and went to the fireplace, and with the tip of her coarse, gaping shoe she pushed some burning embers under a three-legged pot on the stone hearth. With her tongs she lifted the iron lid and looked at a corn-pone browning within, and then she replaced it. Her brow was deeply wrinkled.

"You told me everything that happened that night, if I remember right," she said tentatively. "In fact. I know you did."

Virginia said nothing; her thoughts seemed elsewhere.

Leaning the tongs against the fireplace, Ann came forward and bent over her almost excitedly.

"Look here, child," she said, "you told me that—that I got there in time. You told me—"

"I told you all I thought was necessary for you to understand the situation," said Virginia, her eyes downcast, "but I didn't tell you all I'd have to tell Luke King—to be his wife."

"You say you didn't." Ann sat down heavily in her chair. "Then be plain with me; what under the sun did you leave out?"

"I left out the fact that I was crazy that night," said Virginia. "I read in a book once that a woman is so constituted that she can't see reason in anything which does not coincide with her desires. I saw only one thing that night that was worth considering. I saw only the awful suffering of my mother and the chance to put an end to it by getting hold of that man's money. Do you

understand now? I went there for that purpose. I'd have laid down my life for it. When those men came he urged me to run and hide in his room, as he and I stood on the veranda and it was not fear of exposure that drove me up the stairs holding to his hand. It was the almost appalling fear that the promised money would slip through my fingers if I didn't obey him to the letter. And when he whispered, with his hot breath in my ear, there in his room, as his friends were loudly knocking at the door below, that he would rid himself of them and come back, and asked me if I'd wait, I said yes, as I would have said it to God in heaven. Then he asked me if it was '*a promise,*' and I said yes again. Then he asked me, Mrs. Boyd, he asked me—"

Virginia's voice died out. She fell to quivering from head to foot.

"Well, well, go on!" Ann said, under her breath. "Go on. What did he ask you?"

Virginia hesitated for another minute, then, with her face red with shame, she said: "He asked me to prove it by—kissing him—kissing him of my own free will. I hesitated, I think. Yes, I hesitated, but I heard the steps of the men in the hall below at the foot of the stairs. I thought of the money, Mrs. Boyd, and I kissed him."

"You did?"

"Yes. I did—there *in his room!*"

"Well, I'm glad you told me that," Ann breathed, deeply. "I think I understand it better now. I understand how you feel."

"So you see, all that's what I'd have to tell Luke King," Virginia said; "and I'll never do it—never on this earth. I want him always to think of me as he does right now."

Ann locked her big hands in her lap and bent forward.

"I see my greatest trouble is going to lie with you," she said. "You are conscientious. Millions of women have kept worse things than that from their husbands and never lost a wink of sleep over them, but you seem to be of a different stripe. I think Luke King is too grand a man to hold that against you, under all the circumstances. I think so, but I don't know men any better than they know women, and I'm not going to urge you one way or the other. I thought my easy-going husband would do me justice, but he couldn't have done it to save his neck from the loop. In my opinion there never will be any happy unions between men and women till men quit thinking so much about the weakness of women's *bodies* and so little of the strength of their *souls.* The view you had that night of the dark valley of a living death, and your escape from it, has lifted you into a purity undreamt of by the average woman. If Luke King's able to comprehend that, he may get him a wife on the open mountain-top; if not, he can find her in the bushes at the foot. He'll obey his natural law, as you and I will ours."

(*To be Continued.*)

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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Chapter XII.

The effect of the victories mentioned in the foregoing chapter was to greatly discourage the Indians and to incline them to submission. The Hillibees sued for peace. Their messenger was told that they "must furnish evidences of their sincerity by surrendering prisoners and property taken from the Whites and from the friendly Creeks; and the instigators of the War and those Indians who had slain white men, must be surrendered. The latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears."

The messenger of the Hillibees departed from Jackson's camp, but was never able to deliver his message. While he had been on his mission of peace, other Tennessee troops had fallen upon these Indians, who were totally unprepared to resist an attack, and had burned their villages, killed their warriors, and captured two hundred and fifty women and children.

To the Indians, this seemed to be an act of the blackest perfidy and of the most savage ferocity. In effect, they were destroyed while asking to be permitted to surrender. Waving the flag of truce, they were mercilessly shot down; sitting peacefully in their homes awaiting an answer to their prayers for mercy, they saw their towns given to the flames, wives saw husbands weltering in blood, and dying husbands saw wives and children dragged off into captivity.

Of course, General Jackson was in no manner responsible for this awful chapter in the Creek War. The various officers in command had not previously campaigned together; the troops were raw levies of undisciplined men; the difficulties of obtaining supplies were extremely great, and therefore, one of the natural results of the case was, that each commander was forced by his own necessities to act independently. While General Jackson's command was almost starving at Fort Strother, the troops under General White and General Cocke were equally destitute in their camp on the Coosa. General Jackson, who was the senior in command, was eager to have General Cocke join him, believing that the latter could bring supplies sufficient for both detachments. But General Cocke, being in as sorry a plight as General Jackson, realized that his junction with Jackson simply meant an aggravation of the distress at Fort Strother. General White, who was a subordinate officer under the immediate command of General Cocke, was placed in a most embarrassing situation. By General Jackson, he was ordered to hasten to the protection of Fort Strother, from which General Jackson was about to move upon Talladega. But on the same day, there came to General White, from General Cocke, his immediate superior, an order to join him in a

march upon the Creek settlements on the Tallapoosa. General White, obeying the same pedantic precept which D'Erlon obeyed,—to the ruin of his Emperor at Ligny,—disregarded the instructions of General Jackson, and obeyed those of General Cocke. The Tallapoosa towns were attacked and destroyed, and the Hillibees almost exterminated. Jackson was thrown into a furious rage with both White and Cocke, and the surviving Indians continued their desperate struggle with the energy of intense resentment.

Upon General Cocke, and upon General White, fell the full weight of General Jackson's wrath. Had he been able to have got his hands upon General White, there is much reason to believe that this officer would have been court-martialed and shot. As to General Cocke, no explanation could satisfy General Jackson, and before the Creek War was over, General Cocke was arrested at the head of his troops, when he was in the very act of endeavoring, by patriotic appeal, to arouse them to a sense of their duty. The humiliation was so great, and the arrest, itself, appears to have been so utterly unjust, that General Cocke retired from the service. He demanded a trial by court-martial, and, although the court was composed of officers who were entirely friendly to General Jackson, General Cocke was acquitted.

Much is said, in all of the biographies of Jackson, of the mutinies in his camp and of the disorderly conduct of his troops. It would seem but fair to the private soldiers to let their side of the case be known. Expeditions against the Indians had generally been conducted on the volunteer plan, and without any strict regard to regular military discipline. In open order, they marched and fought; and until they were in sight of the enemy, very little restraint of the soldier was ever practiced. The victorious riders, who galloped with the gallant John Sevier on a hundred raids, had never been subjected to the humiliations, privations, severities and rigidities of discipline. The men who had followed George Clark, those who followed General Lewis, those who fought with Daniel Boone, those who marched with Robertson, those who won the victories of Elijah Clark—even those who made that famous ride to King's Mountain and turned the tide of the Revolutionary War—were men who rallied when the word was sent around in the back-woods settlements and towns. They were ready volunteers who came at the call of some popular leader. Through the scattered towns and through the woods to each solitary cabin went the galloping rider who carried the summons to battle and named the place of rendezvous. It was the quick raising of a volunteer force which responded to the call much as the Highlanders had leaped to arms when the fiery cross sped onward through hamlet to hut—a signal from the Chieftain to the clan.

Now, General Jackson had the instincts of a born soldier for discipline. Perhaps, for those times, he might be called a martinet, for not only in the presence of the enemy, but on the march and in the camp, General Jackson's idea was that strict military discipline should be maintained. This being unusual, was, of course, irksome to the wild, free, independent characters who made up his army. Whether or not he gained a single advantage in the Creek War from all of his struggles to enforce his own ideas of strict discipline, may well be doubted. The kind of warfare in which he was engaged could probably have been carried on just as effectively under the earlier methods of Sevier, Robertson, Lewis and Clark;

at any rate, none of the Indian fighters ever had so much trouble with their own men as was experienced by Andrew Jackson. The chief source of the troubles with the army was that his men were well-nigh famished; another was that he insisted on holding them in the wilderness, starving, after their terms of service, according to the letter of enlistment, had expired. One construction was placed upon the terms of enlistment by the General, and another by the private soldier. An impartial investigation of the act of Congress and of the various conditions of enlistment will convince any intelligent reader that the soldiers were right, and that the General was wrong. Of course, his motive was noble and patriotic; his purpose was to finish the job while he was at it. From his point of view, it was better for the soldier himself, as well as for the soldier's family, and for the soldier's neighbor and fellow-citizens that, being already in the field and accustomed to the service, he should stay it out, and thus render unnecessary another army and another campaign. Each being right from his own standpoint, there was a bitter struggle, prolonged and most demoralizing, between the chief and his men.

The books give many anecdotes in illustration of Jackson's bull-dog tenacity of purpose and his desperate daring in checking the desertions, suppressing mutiny and holding his army together by main force. No one will doubt that in such an emergency General Jackson rose to the crisis and displayed every resource of inflexible resolution and of intrepid courage. Yet the upshot of the whole matter was that one brave man could not hold together several thousand brave men who were equally determined, and who were equally honest in their opinion that they had the right to go home. The net result was that they went home. At one time General Jackson was left in his camp almost alone. Davy Crockett, who was one of the soldiers of Jackson's army, gives the following account of what actually happened, and it seems to this writer that Davy Crockett's word is good authority for anything which he positively states, as a fact which he himself knows to be true.

"We now remained at the fort a few days, but no provision came yet, and we were all likely to perish. The weather also began to get very cold; and our clothes were nearly worn out, and horses getting very feeble and poor. Our officers proposed to General Jackson to let us return home and get fresh horses and fresh clothing, so as to be better prepared for another campaign, for our sixty days had long been out, and that was the time we entered for.

"But the General 'took the responsibility' on himself, and refused. We were, however, determined to go. With this, the General issued his orders against it. But we began to fix for a start, as provisions were too scarce. The General went and placed his cannon on a bridge we had to cross, and ordered out his regulars and drafted men to keep us from crossing. But when the militia started to guard the bridge, they would hollow back to us to bring their knapsacks along when we came, for they wanted to go as bad as we did.

"We got ready and moved on till we came near the bridge where the General's men were all strung along on both sides. But we all had our flints ready picked, and our guns ready primed, that if we were fired on we might fight our way through, or all die together. When we came still nearer the bridge we heard the guards cocking their guns, and we did

the same. But, after all, we marched boldly on, and not a gun was fired nor a life lost. When we had passed, no further attempt was made to stop us; but the General said we were the "damned'st volunteers he had ever seen in his life; that we would volunteer and go out and fight, and then at our pleasure would *volunteer* and go home again in spite of the devil." But we went on, and near Huntsville we met a reinforcement who were going on to join the army. It consisted of a regiment of volunteers, and was under the command of some one whose name I can't remember. They were sixty-day volunteers."

* * * * * *

Yet, no incident in his career so thoroughly illustrates General Jackson's mastery over men and circumstances than does this contest with his mutinous troops, with famine, with sickness, and with a reluctant Governor, who did not wish to call for another army. Jackson himself, it will be remembered, had arisen from a sick bed to go to the war. His unhealed wound would not allow him to put his arm through his coat sleeve when he mounted his horse to go to the front. At no time during the campaign was he a strong man. Frequently he was prostrated by weakness and suffering. Of course, his physical condition had much to do with the irritability of his temper. It may be conceded that his clashes with his subordinate officers might have been avoided. Some of his troubles with his own men need not have occurred. His treatment of General Cocke seems peculiarly harsh and unfair, but above all of these faults of temper and management rises his sublime courage and his Spartan-like devotion to what he understood to be his duty. When the men whom he had led from the settlements into the wilderness turned their backs on him to go home, he virtually said, "I will stay in the woods alone and appeal to Tennessee to send other men to my support!" When Governor Willie Blount shows reluctance to levy more troops, doubting his authority and questioning the advisability of such a step, it is Jackson who writes a powerful letter from his camp in the wilderness which beats down the will of the Governor. Another proclamation is issued, another army is raised, and in a short time there goes marching toward Fort Strother an overwhelming force of new men.

The new levies, however, would only consent to act for a short time. Therefore, General Jackson took these short-termers and made what is usually called his "raid," or "excursion," as the General himself called it, from Fort Strothers into the Indian country. There were some skirmishes of no great consequence. The Indians did not seriously contest the field; but it would seem that as General Jackson was withdrawing toward his own camp at Fort Strother, and was crossing Enotachopco Creek, the Indians fell upon him, threw his men into confusion, and for a while seemed to be on the point of winning a decided victory. The steadiness of Colonel Carroll saved the day, just as the firmness of General Coffee had contributed so much to the successes won in the other skirmishes of the expedition.

Concerning the surprise attack at Enotachopco Creek, David Crockett has this to say:

"In truth, I believe, as firmly as I do that General Jackson is President, that if it hadn't been for Carroll we should have all been genteelly licked that time, for we were in a devil of a fix; part of our men on one

side of the creek, and part on the other, and the Indians all the time pouring it on us, as hot as fresh mustard to a sore shin. I will not say exactly that the old General was whipped; but I will say that if we escaped it at all, it was like old Henry Snider going to heaven "mit a dam tite squeeze." I think he would confess, himself, that he was nearer whipp'd this time than he was at any other, for I know that all the world couldn't make him acknowledge that he was *pointedly* whipped. I know I was mighty glad when it was over, and the savages quit us, for I begun to think there was one behind every tree in the woods."

* * * * * * * *

While General Jackson was thus leading the army against the Indians on one side of the Tallapoosa, General Floyd, of Georgia, was operating with the Georgia troops upon the other, and from the best accounts obtainable it would seem that the whites out-numbered the Indians, at least two to one.

By the time this excursion was over, new levies for a longer term of service came pouring in from Tennessee. Just before this, Judge Hugh L. White, of East Tennessee, rendered to General Jackson a service which, perhaps, more than anything else, led to the brilliant termination of the Creek War. Having heard of General Jackson's danger, Judge White left the bench and hurried into the wilderness to learn for himself the actual conditions of things at Fort Strother. He found Jackson almost alone, and he returned to East Tennessee impressed with the urgent necessity of doing something at once for his support. At this time the Thirty-Ninth Regiment of the regular army was in East Tennessee under the command of Colonel John Williams, a brother-in-law of Judge White. To Colonel Williams Judge White made the most earnest appeal in behalf of General Jackson. Jackson himself had sent to Colonel Williams, through Judge White, an urgent, almost despairing request for assistance. It is stated that Judge White remained with Colonel Williams nearly all night, laboring to impress upon his mind the necessity of moving to Fort Strother, instead of marching to New Orleans, as he was under orders to do. Colonel Williams finally yielded, and the arrival at Fort Strother of his regiment of regulars was of inestimable benefit to General Jackson during the remainder of the campaign.

The Choctaw Indians now openly took sides with the whites and put themselves under the orders of General Jackson. Before the end of February 1814, he was at the head of 5,000 men. The utmost possible force which the hostile Creeks could have mustered for battle could not far have exceeded 1,000.

It was during this month of February that the execution of John Woods took place. This is one of the most lamentable occurrences for which General Jackson is responsible. What the exact facts were it may not be easy to say, but it is absolutely certain that the statement which General Jackson himself put forth in explanation and defense of the shooting of this poor young man contains material statements that are absolutely untrue. The sum and substance of the matter would seem to be that a boy of 18 years of age, named John Woods, had agreed to serve as a substitute of a man who wished to escape the service. A few days after the Company reached Fort Strother, this young man, John Woods, was on guard. It was a cold, rainy morning of February, and the boy was cold and hungry. He had left his blanket in his tent

and it was long after breakfast time, and he had eaten nothing that morning. The Officer of the Guard gave him permission to leave his post a few minutes so he could go to his tent and get his blanket. In the tent he found the breakfast which his comrade had left there for him, and, as any other hungry man would have done, he began to eat it. The Officer of the Day came along, and seeing on the ground around the tent some bones and scraps which the other soldiers had thrown about at breakfast, gave a sharp order to Woods, and such other soldiers as were present, to remove that offensive litter. Woods continued to eat, and the officer again ordered him to pick up the bones, speaking insultingly to him at the same time. Woods, of course, being an inexperienced country boy who, perhaps, considered himself quite as good as the Officer of the Day, retorted angrily. The officer then, furious at being resisted, ordered Woods to drop his breakfast and return to his post. Woods refused to obey; and then there was a loud quarrel; and some one ran to General Jackson, saying that there was a mutiny in camp.

Now, General Jackson had had so much trouble with insubordinate soldiers that he was too ready to jump at the conclusion that John Woods was entirely in the wrong, was a dangerous mutineer, and must be immediately put to death. Greatly excited, Jackson rushed out of his tent, shouting, "Which is the d—d rascal? Shoot him; shoot him; blow ten balls through the —— villain's body."

Poor Woods was put in irons, was tried by court-martial, was condemned to death and was shot. A cruel, unnecessary, military-murder.

In General Jackson's labored explanation and defense, he states that John Woods had been *a second time* guilty of the offense of mutiny. "When you had been regularly mustered into the service of your country and to march to headquarters under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Roberts, you were one of those who, in violation of your enlistment, of all principles of honor and the order of your Commanding General, *rose in mutiny and deserted.*"

The fact here alleged, evidently bore heavily against John Woods in fixing in General Jackson's mind the inflexible determination to have him put to death,—yet this statement is one of the most astonishing blunders that was ever made. *Young John Woods had never before enrolled, had never before served, had never deserted, had never before been arraigned for a military offense.* He was, as already stated, a young man of but 18 years of age. *He was not bound to render any military service,* because he was not old enough to be legally called into the ranks. He had simply allowed himself to be over-persuaded by some older man, who was sick of the service, and after having served but a few days as a substitute for this other soldier, he was put to death because he did not have a sufficient conception of military duty to submit to cold and hunger and insult with the patience which exemplary discipline requires.

The general impression is made in most of the Jackson biographies that nobody in Tennessee ever dared to beard Andrew Jackson, after the killing of Dickinson. As a matter of fact, no man that ever lived in Tennessee had to submit to a greater number of rough proclamations, pamphlets, speeches, newspaper articles,—than General Jackson himself. As an evidence of the boldness with which he was attacked we give,

at the end of this chapter, as a note, an extract from a publication made in Knoxville, in 1828, by John R. Nelson.

The story of the John Woods tragedy is told with an attention to detail which commands considerable confidence.

NOTE.

"The horrid murder of the helpless and inexperienced boy, JOHN WOODS. He was shot by the order of General Jackson, it is true, but I say nevertheless it was murder, being contrary to all law and to all usage either civil or military. The circumstances were briefly these:—Woods was under eighteen and was the sole dependence of his aged parents. Being desirous of serving a campaign, and believing that he could make more for them to live upon, he had substituted to serve a tour of duty against the enemies of the country in place of one of his neighbors. The day he committed the offense, for the atonement of which General Jackson required his life, he was on guard. It commenced raining and he obtained leave of the Officer of the Guard to go to his tent to get his blanket. When he got to his tent his mess had just finished their breakfast and had left a little coarse food in a skillet. Woods having been on guard, tired and hungry, he thought he would snatch a hasty morsel of the humble fare that was lying before him. For this purpose he seated himself on the ground by the skillet, and had scarcely tasted his victuals, when a little whiffling officer, without any commission, it is believed, came along, and in the spirit of a tyrant ordered him to rise and go and carry off some stinking bones. Woods told him that he was on guard, and that he had got leave from his officer to come after his blanket and must instantly return, and rose from his humble seat for that purpose. The officer ordered him to stop and lay down his gun. Woods refused and kept on to the guard fire. The little man who no doubt considered himself a Eonaparte, and not knowing his duty, felt much offended at Woods, and bawled out that he had mutinied. General Jackson rushed out of his tent, swearing like an Algerine pirate, "Shoot the damned rascal!! BY THE ETERNAL GOD, blow ten balls through the damned rascal!!" Thus, like an infuriated demon, vociferated the commanding chief. Woods had no doubt been by the Officer of the Guard that very morning, and often before, cautioned against giving up his gun. I know that it was the practice to lecture all the soldiers when placed on guard, most particularly the young and inexperienced portion of the army, not to give up their guns. It was the general understanding in the army that a soldier on guard was liable to be shot for surrendering his gun. The order was to the soldier to know no man, but those who could give the countersign, and he was not even to give up his gun then, but let them pass on. When Woods reached his guard fire he gave his gun to his officer and surrendered himself. General Jackson had him immediately taken under guard, and the little tyrant was permitted to thrust him repeatedly with the bayonet. He was loaded with chains—underwent a mock trial by a court-martial, some of the members of which had no commission. He had no counsel, no friend to aid or advise him. Word was spoken not in his defense. He was dumb as a lamb before her shearers, and although a petition to General Jackson for an unconditional pardon was signed by almost all the officers of the army, yet his flinty heart and icy soul could not be reached even by the bitter weepings and heart-rending sobs of this helpless victim of his wrath who stood bound at the stake supplicating for mercy. Instead of saying, 'go son to thy aged parents; and smooth the pillow of their declining years;' he swore, by the eternal God he must die, and the volley of leaden death was poured into his aching bosom, and his sighs and his sobs were stopped forever. Alas! no tender mother shall he again behold, 'nor friends, nor sacred home.' He lies now a lifeless, a bleeding and a mangled corpse. No friend to give him decent interment—he was thrown hastily aside by rude hands. and perhaps became a prey to the wolf and to the vulture. But the worst of this tale of woe and of blood is not yet told. General Jackson, feeling conscious that this boy's death required some apology, he wound up the scene and emptied the very dregs of his iniquity upon the character of this devoted boy. In order to shield himself against public indignation he incorporated into Woods' sentence a malignant falsehood. He asserted that Woods had previously deserted, and it is proved by men of unquestioned veracity that it was palpably false. I am sustained in these facts by documents in my possession."

A SOUTHERN AUTHORESS HONORED.

MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.,

Of Mobile, Ala., Who Has Recently Received the Degree of Doctor of Literature at St. Joseph's College, Emmetsburg, Md.

The first woman of Mobile and of the State of Alabama to be honored with the Doctorate of Literature is Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, of the old Gulf City, the daughter of the late Thomas Henry, a prominent banker of that city, and the widow of Francis Gildart Ruffin, of Richmond, Va. Although Mrs. Ruffin, since her husband's death, five years ago, has led a very retired life, her reputation as a most scholarly woman and literary artist has travelled afar over the seas. Her father being a man of wide reading and travel gave his only daughter the advantages of a very liberal education; so that Mrs. Ruffin is now considered one of the best versed and highly trained writers of the day, being educated in several languages and literatures and being looked upon as an authority upon literary and historical matters. Although her preference is for a quiet home life, devoting herself to the training of her six children, she is frequently in demand at literary gatherings, being a pleasing and interesting speaker. Her voice, which is beautifully modulated, and her attractive personal appearance, with a manner of great gentleness and courtesy, make it hard to realize the high scholarship of this distinguished woman who has attained to so much that is difficult and abstruse. Mrs. Ruffin is very much beloved in her home city for her unfailing kindness. The recognition she has received abroad has been very pleasing to Mobilians. Her story in verse, "John Gildart," was pronounced by the English critics to be the best specimen of narrative poetry written by an American since Longfellow wrote "Evangeline." When her last book "The North Star" a Norwegian story, came out, the author was honored with a letter from King Haakon and Queen Maude, commending the work for its great historical value and fine pictures of the early Norsemen. It is said to be the best picture of early Norway ever written. After this book reached Paris, the great library of that city, the Bibliotheque Nation-

ale, sent for Mrs. Ruffin's picture to be placed among the writers of distinction. A charming feature of the conferring of the Degree of Doctor of Literature upon this learned Southern woman was the presence of her daughter, Miss Frances Gildart Ruffin, upon the same occasion as the honor member and valedictorian of the Class of 1907. Mrs. Ruffin's children, through their father, are great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Jefferson, being also the tenth generation in a direct line from John Jefferson, who represented Flowerdieu Hundred in the Jamestown House of Burgesses, in 1619. These young people are the great-great-grandchildren of Captain Francis Gildart of the Revolutionary army.

I CUT THE CORN.

FRANK H. SWEET, WAYNESBORO, VA.

I cut the corn, the yellow drilling corn,
That marches to the music of the bourn;
Above, the castle lowers on the crag,
And casts the shadows of its fluttering flag;
I labor here from purple peep of morn—
I only cut the corn.

The castle court resounds with festal din,
Wide portals show the revelry within,
And thither is there borne athwart my view
A lover prince and all his retinue,
While up the road foreruns the winding horn—
I only cut the corn.

The lord rides out against the western skies,
I follow through the dust with shaded eyes;
He carols to his horse's lively tread,
A helmet plumed upon his haughty head;
Devices brave his silver targe adorn—
I only cut the corn.

The great lord's daughter down the pathway trips,
A half-unworded song upon her lips;
A grey-hound guards the whiteness of her hand;
Her velvet vestments brush me where I stand.
How proudly fair! I think I almost mourn—
I only cut the corn.

The lord, a corpse borne from the battle-field,
Comes slowly by, upon his battered shield;
The castle in the grave of gloom is laid,
The lady by her lover is betrayed;
And in my own heart dwells no unrest or scorn—
I only cut the corn.

THE PASSING OF "MOURNING."

BY FRANCIS HODGSON ORME, M. D.

FROM what remote sources in pagan antiquity, and through what tortuous courses of superstition and barbarism, has come to our modern civilization the singularly incongruous custom of wearing sombre weeds as "mourning," it would be impossible to show. Certain it is, however, that this dismal, harmful and repellent practice has ruled, with the tyrannical force of fashion, a large part of Christendom for a long time; and while the inconsistency of, and the numerous serious objections to the custom have been frequently exposed, it is only in comparatively recent times that reason seems to be acquiring sway, and that the dolesome usage may be considered as fairly in a state of decadence.

Unsatisfactory Apologies.

Among the reasons—properly excuses, largely lame and impotent—given for the continuance of the unseemly, unhealthful, and in many ways, disadvantageous practice, several may be deemed worthy of notice:

First. *"They feel like wearing it."* This is a feeling to be respected; but it is one of those ebullitions, often transitory, which brings the victim under the dominition of relentless fashion, which demands an unreasonable, protracted, fixed and often wearisome servitude.

"But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, in a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschooled."

Second. *"They wish to show respect to the departed."* A worthy motive, surely; would that the deceased could know it; but is it not rather regard for the dictates of misdirected opinion—for what Mrs. Grundy will say?

"No, the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain."

Let the respect be shown during life, and not by wailing, or wearing unavailing sack-cloth and ashes after death.

Third. *"It shows that they are not taking part in the gayeties of life."* It may be questioned if this is not sometimes a neglect of duty; but aside from this, is there no other way to indicate the withdrawal than by enveloping the whole person in grewsome attire? Could this not be shown by some small and simple badge?

Fourth. *"I think black is becoming to me."* Ay, there's the rub! What intellect is equal to the task of meeting this? Must not the most mighty in argument retire in dismay before it? "The trappings and the suit of woe" are thought to be "stylish," and what thousands have been slain by that word! What egotism is disclosed by the remark! Lady Fashion dictates a certain weight and depth of mourning, often in strange dispro-

portion to the weight of grief upon the heart, and the dealers in sable goods are the only beneficiaries.

The woman who may have been anxious for the departure of her unloved lord, or who may have even contributed to his taking off, appears, under the absurd dictum of fashion, as heavily laden with the pretentious habiliments as does the most devoted relict of the most happy union.

Fifth. *"The wearing of mourning is a protection."* How helpless must be the poor soul—how lacking in ideas of proper deportment—that is in need of protection at such a cost! How flimsy the pretext! Is it not sometimes too much of a protection? A lady recently returned from the funeral of her infant, when she found her remaning darling was afraid to approach her. She was so shocked that she cast from her the uncanny and repulsive raiment, never to be worn more. Who knows how many sensitive little hearts—as well as those of a larger growth—have been sorely oppressed by the gloom of black attire?

If it be proper to disclose one state of mental feeling by the donning of dress of a certain color, why should not the scheme be carried out in other emotional conditions? Do not the Chinese show better judgment in selecting white as the color for mourning, if such there must be? Why should that color be selected which is associated with that of His Satanic Majesty?

Sixth. *"It is unchristian."* Do Christians ever consider the shocking inconsistency of throwing out flags of sorrow for parents in heaven, or children converted into angels? To a thorough Christian the hour for departure for a higher existence should be the happiest of mortal life; why should friends mourn for this?

"'Tis impious for a good man to be sad."—Young.

Think of the selfishness of those devotees of fashion who appear to luxuriate in the pomp of woe, and revel in the emblems of calamity! Is not cheerfulness a duty in this life, beset as it is, sufficiently, with sadness? What right has one, because afflicted, to parade the melancholy garb of gloom before the eyes of others who may be struggling to overcome their own, perhaps more real, grief? Is it modest to make a conspicuous spectacle of one's self by appearing in a striking, cheerless garb of black? Is it polite? Does it not smack of positive effrontery?

Seventh. *"It is deleterious to health."* A consideration of the utmost importance in connection with this subject is its effect upon health. As it is our women who are most affected, our sympathies are aroused. It will not be argued that an atmosphere or an environment of gloom can be more conducive to health than one of sunshine, speaking morally or physically. Fungi, and, "those whose deeds are evil," prefer darkness. The higher orders in vegetable and in human life naturally rejoice in beneficent light.

The most fearful feature of the mourning habit is that "horror," the widow's veil! What shudders it has caused! How it shocks the sectarian! He sees it in the exclusion of heaven's fresh air, the impact of which, upon the face, is so refreshing and beneficial. He thinks of the heat and partial suffocation of the dear, deluded victims. He knows that in damp weather the gummy sizing, sometimes including common animal glue, which is used to stiffen the sable fabric, often gives off offensive odors, and attracts flies. He knows that dyes can be healthful to neither skin nor lungs when dried into dust.

Eighth. *"The fashion is passing—speed it away."* It is one of the woman's "rights" to contend against injurious practices, and is it not one of her duties? Why do not the "Clubs" take vigorous hold of this

unfortunate, if ancient, freak of fashion, and extinguish it for the benefit of society?

Ministers generally, when approached on the subject, express disapproval of the custom. They know its evils—why do they not, as teachers, speak out with their potent voice? They owe it to their flocks to give them the best they know. They should lead their followers from bondage to freedom. Happily some exert influence in the proper direction. The Society of Friends (Quakers), do not wear mourning; nor do the Swedenborgians; nor the Christian Scientists; and it is encouraging to know that many members of other sects seem disposed to disregard the practice which seems to be a survival from a superstitious day when sacrificial tokens were supposed to have merit.

And the editors, with their weapon that "is mightier than the sword"—why stand they idle while this evil is so flagrant? Have they not also a duty? They have open eyes and a broad field of vision; they see the evils of the deplorable habit, which they should help to banish. They should wish to dispel gloom, disperse the clouds and shed sunshine on life.

Physicians, especially, know the ill effects on health of doleful environment, and are desirous of spreading cheer and comfort, and it is provoking to them to be met with antagonism in the shape of an unwise and harmful fashion which is inimical to the health and happiness which it is their province and their delight to promote.

We must wrestle with sickness, with anguish and pain,
Help those who are suffering—all those who complain;
Must fight all ill-usages tending to gloom,
And obliterate tokens that tell of the tomb.

The evil practice criticized is happily on the wane—often "more honored in the breach than the observance." It is manifestly undergoing modification, even by those who still cling to it, while many have discarded it altogether. After war or pestilence there are not so many figures as formerly to remind one of ravens—birds of evil. The onerous, irksome, costly burden of mourning is not as readily or so often assumed. Speed the day when it shall be regarded as unfashionable and of bad form! When it will be considered the proper thing to wear one's mourning in the heart and not upon the sleeve.

As an example of one method of helping to abolish the barbarious, unhealthful, burdensome, gloomful, inconsistent, inexcusable and in every way objectionable fashion herein condemned, the writer will close this article with expressions, which have for years been a part of his will:

"I desire and especially enjoin that my wife and children and other kindred shall *not* wear mourning on account of my death. I believe they will desire to do so from a feeling of my loss, and in accordance with an usage which I think has been urged to an extreme. In common with many others, I have often been grieved by witnessing the inconvenience to which many families have been subjected by a compliance with the demands of this unreasonable and extravagant custom. I do not wish those dear to me to yield to the tyrrany of fashion in this particular, and hope that good may follow this illustration of my idea.

"To mourn at heart upon the loss of friends is unavoidable—to wear the habiliments of mourning is a form, and a matter of choice. While the practice may accord well with the pomp of courts and the parade of abundant wealth, it seems to me unfitting in a republican country, and to moderate circumstances. Were it abolished altogether it would leave

much bread and comfort for hungry and needy widows and orphans.

"I wish this item of my will published in connection with the announcement of my death, as an explanation of the somewhat singular course which my wife and relatives will probably pursue; and in the *hope* that others may be induced to save their families much needless trouble and expense by a similar injunction. Should this result follow to any considerable extent, my death may prove more beneficial than any act I have been able to perform in life."

THE MESSAGE.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

Sail on! thou swift and silent moon,
Through changing clouds of silver light:
Be not too swift, but stay thy flight
The while I ask of thee a boon.

Look down, I pray, from heights above,
Diana of the shining bow;
Let thy unerring shafts fly low,
Thy arrows tipped with moonbeams white,
To bear this message to my love:

For me the murmur of the pine
Through the still, perfect summer night;
For thee the waters lapped in light,
For thee the surge of restless sea.
Though time and space have fought for thee,
They cannot part my love from me;
While earth rolls on and stars still shine
My soul is thine and thou art mine!

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

As the JEFFERSONIAN completes its first year with the December number, we are glad to be able to assure its friends that the greater portion of those inevitable difficulties incident to the establishment of a new publication appear to have been surmounted. The steady and rapid increase in circulation is exceedingly encouraging. Not only the subscription list grows healthily, but the news-stand sales are climbing, also. Few men have had to contend with greater difficulties than those which confronted Mr. Watson when he lost both his Magazine, his mailing list, and $9,000; by the perfidy of a trusted employee, and the dishonesty of Col. W. D. Mann.

Nevertheless, with an unshakable determination to make a success of the Magazine which was identified with his name, the JEFFERSONIAN has kept pegging away, in spite of all discouragement, and we now feel that absolute success is won. Both the JEFFERSONIANS have reached a self-sustaining basis. That they will keep it is just as certain as health and strength continue to bless their founder.

* * * * * *

We regret very much that the splendid and thoughtful article on the Fourteenth Amendment, the result of the conscientious researches of the Alabama author, Col. John W. DuBose, is unavoidably carried over to the January number. Every lawyer in the land, every publicist, every official of high authority, the principals of every institution of learning in the Union, should give to Col. DuBose's article on the Fourteenth Amendment a careful study. It is the most comprehensive, and at the same time, most instructive and convincing article on this subject that has yet been published.

* * * * * *

In the January number, the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE will present the first of a series of articles by the editor under the title of "Treasure Trove." In these sketches will be given a brief biograph of those Southern authors who have not received general recognition, but whose merits entitle them to honorable mention wherever the makers of good literature are under discussion. Accompanying these biographical sketches will be published selections from the author's writings.

* * * * * *

Subscribers to the JEFFERSONIAN are earnestly requested to send their renewals to The JEFFERSONIAN, Thomson, Ga., before the expiration of their terms. Clubbing arrangements made with other papers do not cover renewals.

The JEFFERSONIAN hopes and believes that every member of its circle of readers who wishes to remain, at all, will be sufficiently interested to forward his own renewal.

All persons having occasion to write to The JEFFERSONIAN, either the weekly or the monthly, are requested to write to Thomson, Ga., and not to Atlanta.

* * * * * *

For fear the correction may not be made elsewhere in time to notify readers of this number, we beg to say that there was an error in the statement of clubbing rates with our excellent neighbor, *The Dixieland Magazine,* of Dallas, Texas. The price of the *Dixieland* and the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE together is $2.00 per year. The price of the *Dixieland* and the

Weekly Jeffersonian is $1.75 per year. The price of all three together is $2.50 per year.

* * * * * *

As this number of the Magazine is practically the Christmas number, we reproduced Sir Walter Scott's homely, but beautiful, lines on "Christmas in the Olden Times." Our readers will remember that these lines form a portion of the introduction of one of the cantos of "Marmion," Sir Walter's masterpiece.

Beginning, either with the January or February number, the JEFFERSONIAN will present each month a canto from that wonderful story in rhyme. Each canto will be illustrated by the most beautiful engravings that can be selected for the purpose.

We are confident that this noble poem, embellished as it will be by these splendid engravings, will be a delight to every reader whether he has heretofore read "Marmion," or not. It is one of those poems which is endowed with perpetual youth and strength. The time will probably never come when that poem will not stand in the front rank of the world's favorites.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Sept. 10, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I am, fortunately, getting both the Weekly and the Monthly Magazine, and read them with more interest than most any other publications I get on the exchange table. It does me good to get started in one of your articles, where it seems necessary to pull off the gloves and roll the sleeves up good and high, and walk into a subject that's sufferin'.

I never voted the ticket that you fought for so long, only to lose more than any other man and then see your ideas put into effect by some other party, under a different name; but the longer I live, and the closer I study humanity, the more thoroughly am I convinced that you were right. You, like Darwin, and many others, were twenty years ahead of your time. That's all.

Yours truly,
W. T. HALL.

NOTE: Mr. Hall publishes, at Dothan, Ala., *The Dothan Eagle,* one of the best of the weekly papers. His letter made the old man feel pretty good. The truth is that he and his favorite relative, Uncle Solomon Beeswax, are getting to be right respectable again. We notice that the county paper has gone to calling him "Colonel;" that his name has been put back in the Jury Box; and that local editor once more writes it, *"Col. Solomon Beeswax, one of our most substantial citizens, was in town today, shaking hands with his host of friends."*

Uncle Sol and his favorite nephew frequently have a quiet little chat all to ourselves, about the ways of the world and the manners of men; and we don't begrudge anybody the success and the power that were not intended for us. We want the good work done and we don't care who gets the credit. With the consecrated sower, the over-master purpose is that the harvest shall be golden and the people get the bread.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sept. 9, 1907.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have just finished reading your book "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" and write to thank you for the pleasure I derived therefrom.

Perhaps I was all the more interested and the better entertained because I have but recently visited a great many of the places (including Monticello, University of Virginia and Natural Brige) that were dear to Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. Nevertheless, the fearless manner in which you have attacked our New England histories and the Federal policies would have been extremely interesting and entertaining.

Our original John Browning must certainly have rubbed elbows with the original Jeffersons, as he represented "Harrap," his plantation between Archer's Hope and Martin's Hundred in the House of Burgess in 1629, and his descendants took to the back country near Culpepper, Virginia, where the genealogies seem to show that they intermarried with Jeffersons, Madisons, Custis and themselves, so that it is well night hopeless to determine which is which, except that all of them seem to stay in the background, literally and figuratively. My grandparents moved to Indiana in the early

part of the nineteenth century, while a great many of their relatives followed Boon's Wilderness Road into Kentucky, thence to Illinois, and Oliver H. Browning finally came to the top.

Your criticism of William E. Curtis rather whetted my appetite so I purchased his book, but have not fairly started it. All of Roosevelt's works I have read with consuming interest, and while he was young when these were written, I think that you must agree with me that he has since proven that he is neither "weak nor vascilating" and has fired off a great deal of Jeffersonian gunpowder to illuminate his admisintration. It seems to me that to give equal credit to all, the model history should be written by someone in the Rocky Mountains, where the causes and effects can be viewed from an equal distance and the accomplishments of Massachusetts and Georgia will be in proper focus.

You say on page 110 that Anthony Stewart was of Baltimore, and that Peggy Stewart sat on the piazza of her father's house, looking on, etc. While in *Annapolis* one time, I remember being shown the very house and piazza, as well as an oil painting in the Capitol of the ship burning; were they mistaken, or your good self?

Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,

EARL H. BROWNING.

NOTE: History is one thing: Art is another.

In Art, Napoleon Bonaparte crossed the Alps on *a prancing horse*: in history he sensibly *rides a mule,* going up; and *slides down* on the Italian side, on a simple wooden sled.

In Art, the Declaration of Independence is signed on July 4th, and the whole Congress joins in the act. In history, nobody signed on July 4th, and the actual signing took place informally during August and September.

In Art, the General waves his sword and leads his men. In history, Marshal Ney *puts his sword in its scabbard* as he goes to lead the great charge at Waterloo.

What I said about Peggy Stewart *is history.* As to the picture,—that's *Art.*

Yes: Last October Was The Time.

U. S. General Hospital,
FORT BAYARD, NEW MEXICO,
October 15, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:

The last written article that I read of yours, appeared in the October, 1906, number of *Watson's Magazine,* published in New York.

Please inform me whether or not you severed your journalistic connections with the October, 1906, number of that magazine.

In this isolated, out-of-the-way place of the world, it takes a long time to find out anything. I have just discovered, through the September number of *The Philistine,* that you are publishing a new magazine called THE JEFFERSONIAN, and a weekly paper.

Enclosed you will please find a postoffice money order for $2.00, in return for which *kindly send me all back numbers of* THE JEFFERSONIAN, and of the weekly paper, if you can.

I have had every back number of the *Watson's Magazine* nicely bound, (simply to save your editorials) and I would again respectfully ask you to inform me, whether or not you severed your connections with the October, 1906, number of that magazine.

Hoping to hear from you at an early date, and wishing you from the bottom of my heart every possible success, I am,

Very truly yours,

OTTO LIPPERT.

P. O. Box No. 211.

The Tare On Cotton.

CHIEF, TEXAS, October 11, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: In your *Weekly Jeffersonian* of September 19th I notice an article on losses on tare, in which you say that every order going out from Liverpool carries with it the instruction to offer such a price as will allow six per cent., which you say is assessed for tare, or which I

will add is a discount of 30 pounds for each bale weighing 500 pounds. Now, according to your statement the actual tare is only 18 pounds, which is the bagging and ties, and that the farmer pays for them when he pays for his ginning, and receives pay for them when he sells his cotton, and this 18 pounds when deducted from the 6 per cent. or 30 pound discount leaves a net loss to the farmer of 12 pounds for each bale, and would on a 12,000,000 bale crop at the present price of 12 cents per pound, amount to a net loss of $17,280,000.

Now, Mr. Watson, it is not my desire to get up a controversy about this, nor shall I undertake to deny the correctness of your figures. But it is my desire to arrive at all the facts in this or any other matter, in fact I am hunting the truth, and that is what I must have. I will not accept anything as a fact until I have investigated for myself, and properly weighed all the facts in the case.

Over here in Texas we pay 80 cents for our bagging and ties, and when we sell our cotton at 12 cents per pound we receive $2.16 for our 18 pounds of tare, or bagging and ties, which is a net gain of $1.36 over the purchase price. Now the 12 pounds of actual cotton which you claim at 12 cents per pound, is a net loss of $1.44. Hence we have a net loss of $1.44 per bale, and a net gain of $1.36 per bale, which when deducted from net loss would only leave a net loss of 8 cents per bale, and which would only be a net loss to the farmers of $22,400, instead of $17,280,000.

Now, Mr. Watson, am I wrong, or am I right? Let me hear from you at your earliest opportunity, for the reason I have written to you is because your article was read at our Farmers' Union meeting and I took the position that you failed to deduct gain in selling price from net loss.

Yours for information,
J. M. WILKERSON.

—

NOTE: The error into which Mr. Wilkerson falls consists in not allowing for the full loss of 30 pounds. He allows *a loss* of only 12 pounds. Of course, if he sells 18 pounds and *gets pay for it*, he does not lose it.

The simplest way to state the case is this:

Cotton prices are fixed in a way that makes the farmer lose six per cent. of the weight. Let us say the bale weighs 500 pounds. Then he loses 30 pounds for Tare. At twelve cents, this is $3.60. But to offset this, he has gained, according to Mr. Wilkerson's figures, $1.36, in buying 18 pounds of bagging and ties for 70 cents and selling it as cotton for $2.16. Therefore, this gain of $1.36 must be deducted from the loss of $3.60, in order that we may learn the actual net loss on each bale. Taking $1.36 from $3.60 we have $2.24 as the farmer's net loss, according to Mr. Wilkerson's own figures.

To put it another way: The farmer loses 30 pounds on each bale; at 12 cents this loss amounts to $3.60. But there were 18 pounds of this loss which only cost him 70 cents, according to Mr. Wilkerson. Therefore, we shall have a loss of 18 pounds costing 70 cents, to add to a loss of 12 pounds worth 12 cents, or $1.44. Total $2.14 for the entire 30 pounds. You see it *now*, don't you, son?

But We Publish It Because We Love and Honor this Kind of a Man.

HAMPTON, IOWA, Oct. 20, 1907.
HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

God bless you. I am 73 years old and in bed, and am in love with you. I have been reading your April JEFFERSONIAN. I am a free thinker. I do not know much about eternal life, but I would pray to whatever Lord there be to give the spirit that inspires your pen eternal life. I am not writing for publication, but just to say God bless you.

Fraternally,
JOHN C. FERRIS.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS.

The Standard Oil crowd is getting back at the Government in a true Rockefeller way. The navy uses enormous quantities of lubricating oil and the Standard has a monopoly of that business. The contracts for oil for the navy show that the Standard charges the Government 34 cents a gallon for the same oil that it sells to the Pennsylvania Railroad for 23.5 cents. Rogers and Rockefeller must have indulged in a quiet smile when they took those contracts.—*The Investigator,* Omaha, Neb.

It is reported that District Attorney Jerome can see nothing criminal in the Wall and Cortlandt Street ferries deal, in which a road that never existed was sold to the Metropolitan Securities Company for $965,000 and the proceeds were divided up between Thomas F. Ryan and his fellow conspirators.

One of the grounds on which Jerome's decision is said to rest is that none of the participants in this fraud were directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company at the time it was perpetrated. As a matter of fact, RYAN WAS ELECTED A DIRECTOR OF THAT CONCERN ON MAY 6, 1902, WHEREAS THE CHECK FOR THIS TRANSACTION WAS NOT DRAWN UNTIL MAY 22, 1902.—New York *American.*

Watson at College.

"Did you ever hear the story about Tom Watson selling his coat at college to buy a book?" asked Frank M. Spaulding of Pensacola, at the Bexar last night.

"Well, it was when Watson was in school at Mercer University, Macon, Ga., and in his freshman year.

"He was a bright boy and was making a great record in his classes when his funds gave out.

"But the now famous statesman, historian, lawyer and politician had ambition and nothing daunted because of an insufficiency of funds and he determined to get at least enough education to enable him to begin the practice of law.

"A very important work in history was required of the freshman class, and young Watson, being too proud to ask any one for aid, sold one of his three coats and purchased the book. From that time on he was even a more brilliant pupil than before. He led his class and when he stopped school at the end of his sophomore year he was the most brilliant debater, the hardest student and the best informed man in his class.

"He left school with the hearty good will of the faculty and students, for no boy ever attended Mercer who was more popular than Tom Watson. His rise in the practice of law was meteoric and in a few years he became the most noted criminal lawyer in the Empire State. He entered politics and was elected to Congress from the Tenth Congressional District and throughout his term was a brilliant luminary in Congressional halls.

"He was the father of the rural free delivery system as it was he who first introduced the bill in Congress to establish the mail routes through the country districts.

"When Tom Watson became a Populist he was again elected to Congress, but the Democrats outcounted him and he lost out. He then became prominent in the national political arena and ran for vice-president on the Populist-Democratic ticket.

"He has made a fortune out of his law practice and his historical and

biographical works, every one of which netted him handsome sums.

"Mr. Watson now owns 13,000 acres of land in the county of McDuffie and he still lives at Thomson and writes for the Weekly and Monthly JEFFERSONIAN from this place. He has retired from the practice of law and devotes his entire time to literary and magazine work.

"Thomas E. Watson of Georgia stands out as a conspicuous representative of the self-made man of the country. From the time he sold a coat in college with which to buy a book until now when he lives in princely style with unlimited means at his command, he has been the same brilliant, democratic, kind, sympathetic, yet fearless, Tom Watson."—San Antonio *Gazette.*

Flagler Did Not Stop Work, After All.

The work on the extension of the Florida East Coast Railroad is rapidly going forward and almost daily reinforcements from the North are being brought down and sent to the lower keys, where the work is in progress. The long bridge between Long Key and Conch Key will require 181 arches and 140 of these have been completed, and many more are well under way. The cut north of Long Key is well under way, and a force of men are distributing ties and laying the rails. The Long bridge will be completed by the first of next month. South of Conch Key three dredges and one pile driver are at work. It is said that at this time there are about 2,500 men employed on the work. By January 1st, it is expected that the road will be completed and in running order to Knights Key.—*Citizen-Reporter.*

Hurrah For Claud L'Engle.

The concluding words of Judge Robles in summing up the evidence in the L'Engle libel prosecution were,

"This court finds that there is something going on this state that should not," said Judge Robles in the course of his remarks, while summing up the case. "It was with a feeling of regret and sorrow that I heard Mr. Knight testify that conditions were such at Tallahassee that he gave his sanction to certain legislation. I only hope that Mr. Knight did not mean what he said in this respect, for if it be true it shows that a deplorable state of affairs exists at the state capital."

"The court does not believe a jury could be found that would convict these defendants on the evidence introduced here to support this charge of criminal libel, and therefore will discharge the defendants."

L'Engle is doing good work in showing up some things the people ought to know.—Gainesville, Fla., *Elevator.*

Even Virginia Waking Up.

When Will Tennessee Get Up Out of the Mire?

Have you heard from Virginia? If not you will be interested to know that the people are beginning to apply to politics the good old doctrine that no one can serve two masters.

For some twenty years a distinguished Virginian named Henry T. Wickham had been serving his district in the Virginia State Senate. He came from an old family, stood high in society and had a large circle of personal friends. He was, however, general attorney for one of the large railway systems and by his political influence aided his road in matters before the legislature. At least this was charged, and a fight was made against his renomination on this ground. The fight was started by Professor Dodd, of Randolph and Macon college, who reviewed Mr. Wickham's record and charged that he served the railroad at the expense of his constituents.

The voters took the matter up and rallied about the standard of a retired naval officer who was brought out against the senator. At the primary the former naval officer won by a decisive majority and the railroad attorney can now devote his entire time to his client and the people of the district can have the undivided services of their senator. In another district the same question was raised against a candidate and the candidate resigned his position with the corporation.

Good for Virginia! Her people are entitled to the services of representatives who will represent them.

It is possible that a man may side with the people against a corporate client which pays him many times as much as he receives from the people —POSSIBLE, but not probable, and it is not safe to take chances on the fidelity of such a man. As a rule no man can serve two masters, and a conscientious man will not try. It is time the Democrats were investigating the records and business relations of the public officials and candidates who oppose efficient legislation. Virginia has set a good example. It is a valuable object lesson.—*The Commoner.*

Political Disintegration.

Is the dissolution of the two great political parties, that has been so confidently predicted ever since the close of the Spanish war, at hand? There are only two figures on the stage, and serious dispute between them is not as wide as a church door. Thousands of folks do not discover any difference at all as to any question at all paramount.

The New York *World* lately asked: "What is a Democrat?" and got a score of answers, no two alike and all precisely accurate, and we would see the same thing if the *World* should be curious to ask: "What is a Republican?"

In Massachusetts a Republican is a tariff revisionist; in Pennsylvania he is a standpatter. Everywhere he is a free trader as to the merchandise he must buy and a radical protectionist as to that he has to sell, for your Republican, like your Democrat, is nothing but a member of the human family.

Last year the Democrats of New York entered upon a co-partnership with William R. Hearst and the Independence League, and tens of thousands of Democrats bolted the head of the ticket. This year the Republicans of New York are in partnership with Mr. Hearst and the Independence League, and many thousands of Republicans proclaim themselves bolters.

In the campaign of 1908 the only matter that will be debated will be which platform is the more radical and which candidate the surest to catch the octopus. We know whom the Democrats will nominate and we can easily guess what the Democratic platform will declare. We know what the Republican platform will be, and it is tolerably well understood whom the Republican nominee will be.

We may be pretty well assured that it will be the hottest campaign since 1896. For twenty weeks the country will be in voiceful agony and the morning after election many millions of astonished people will eat breakfast and go to work.—Washington *Post.*

A Vigilance Committee for New York.

The crime wave which has engulfed the metropolis continues at high tide, and the peace guardians, as well as the element which stands for law and order, view the situation with grave apprehensions. The majority of these crimes are against women and children, and the light punishments meted out to the brute perpetrators are assigned as a reason for their prev-

alence. The police claim they are powerless, and there is serious talk of organizing a vigilance committee to deal with a situation which is at once a menace and a disgrace to the city.

Such a status of affairs could not exist in the South, where the chivalry of the old cavaliers still flowers, and where the brave Southerner is willing to risk life itself for the protection of the women of his home.—*Dixieland Magazine.*

Short Order Declaration of Principles.

This was submitted to the (Hearst) National Independence League's committee on resolutions by the editor of the Ohio *Liberty Bell.* One copy went to Hon. William Randolph Hearst, also one to Mr. Ihmsen, the New York league secretary. An admonition was made to make the declaration brief. The daily press printed the result, which practically places everything in Hearst's hands. We must have leaders, and our weakness has been the placing of our all into their hands—swearing by men rather than by principle. The following are the planks I wanted the National Independence League to adopt:

* * * Initiative, Referendum and Recall. * * * National State and Municipal Ownership of General Utilities. Government Money vs. Wall Street Dictation. Direct Nominations and Preferential Ballot. Emancipation of Labor and Abolition of Trusts. Reciprocity and the Gradual Increase of the Tariff Free List. Equitable Tax Methods and Land for use—not for speculation. Separation of National, State and Municipal Elections. Supremacy of State, County and Town—Home Rule. An Eight-hour Wage-day under safe and sanitary conditions.—Ohio *Liberty Bell.*

31

Jefferson's Bible

A rare volume for the book-lover readers of WATSON'S MAGAZINE

102 YEARS AGO

Thomas Jefferson, while "overwhelmed with other business," cut such passages from the Evangelists as he believed would best present the ethical teachings of Jesus, and "arranged them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject." This book he called "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth."

For many years the manuscript of this wonderful book has lain in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and public clamor for its publication at last became so great that Congress recently ordered it issued as a public document—but in very limited number.

Before the original was turned over to the State department, an accurate copy of it was made while in the possession of Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Mr. Jefferson's oldest grandson. From this copy was printed the edition now offered to our subscribers.

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